



In's own defence the Author writes
Because while this foul Maggot bites
He nere Can rest in quiet,
Which makes him makes soe sad a face
Heed beg your worship or your Grace
Dnsight unseen to buy it.



In's own defence the Author writes
Because while this foul Maggot bites
He nere Can rest in quiet,
Which makes him makes soe sad a face
Heed beg your worship or your Grace
Dnsight unseen to buy it.

Maggots :
OR,
SIEU OL WAL
POEMS
ON

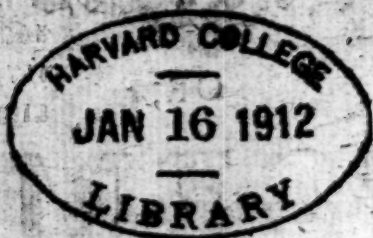
SEVERAL
Subjects,

Never before Handled.

By a Schollar.

LONDON,

Printed for **John Dunton**, at the Sign
of the *Black Raven*, at the Corner of *Princes*
Street, near the *Royal Exchange*. 1685.



*Gift of
Charles Jackson
of
Boston*



To the Honoured Mr. Hen^{olling} D.ⁿ Head-
Master of the Free-School in Dorchester
in the County of Dorsetshire

THE great Cowley forgets not to acknowledge his Master's Care and Kindness while at *Westminster*; nor, to come nearer, was Mr. Creech much tardier in publishing his grateful Resentments of the same Obligations from Mr. Curganvers. —You may, Sir, justly wonder what makes me drag in such Names into a Piece where there is hardly like to be besides, one word of Earnest, and perhaps not many of Sence: You may be apt to judge me worthy not much less Punishment than that Comœdian who stole matter from the Sacred History to patch up his *Farce*. But here I must unavoidably take Refuge at the old thumb'd Scrap, *Sic parvis componere magna* — Or, to be more sincere; this seem'd a pretty way of beginning; I was fond of the Fancy, and knew not where to get a better. However, tho' I ha' been bold enough to make the Similie, I hardly dare be so saw-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

cy, I mean o' my side, to apply it; nor, tho' Mr. D-- may be as noble a Field for *Panegyric* as any, venture to disgrace him with prefixing here his Name, or my *little Praises*. 'Tis enough that all who knew me when under his Tuition, know what a fair share I enjoy'd of his undeserved Favours; and that all who know so many famous Men as have had the happiness of their Education there, are satisfy'd 'tis my own fault I ha'n't made suitable Proficiency to what might be rationally expected from such an advantageous Foundation.—As to my addressing these to you, though I can have no full Excuse, yet my Presumption or Vanity may admit, I hope, some Alleviation. This is my *first form'd Birth*, of which, tho' generally partaking all the Parent's *ill humours*, the greatest part of the World use to be, if not most fond, yet most concern'd and no wonder therefore, abstracting from its Value or Defects, I am willing to provide for it, and prefer it. But tho' Gratitude commanded you should know the Author, and that exact Respect he is still oblig'd to pay your former goodness; yet was too conscious of the mean way I testify'd it in, and the unworthiness of the Acknowledgment, and had too tender a sense of your Reputation, to let your name publick

The Epistle Dedicatory.

nor, y appear here, before I knew what Recep-
for ion these *true Trifles* might find in the
him World. The most, the best, the all I can
ittle say for 'em, is what I remember many a
me fair year past on such a kind of occasion:
fair—Accent my Heart for Gift, and all,
rs; which will be the highest Honour can be
ous pretended to by,

Sir,

Your Obliged Schollar,

and

Humble Servant,

&c.

Sam. Wesley.

A 4

THE

THE
EPISTLE
TO THE
READER.

Gentle Reader,

IN the first place, pray take notice this is addressed only to those that buy the Book, for such as only borrow't, my good Friend the Bookseller and I will ha' nothing to do with 'em: For is there any Reason or Conscience in't that he should write so many Letters to me about the business, and I take so much pains for him, besides some appurtenances of Money for Copy, Printing, &c. only for a meer How d'ye — In the next place, since it comes uppermost, I am to tell ye bonâ fide, that is in English in verbo Sacerdotis, that all here are my own pure Maggots, the natural Issue of my Brain-pan, bred and born there, and only there

— Na

The Epistle to the Reader.

— Nay the Bookseller and I would have you to know, these are no Scraps or Remains of I know not who; which if you question, or doubt, you are to be fobb'd off again with a Prisoners-Basket of Collections; I do ye to wit you are egregiously mistaken in the matter, and prove it by a couple of sturdy arguments. One — that never a Subject here was ever treated of, at least in this Method, by Man, Woman, or Sucking Child, from the beginning of the World to — this present writing, and so downwards: T'other argument, which you'll find concludes very strongly, is, — Because here wants a hundred and fifty Copper-plates precisely, (curiously engraven, &c.) which any that's but ordinarily vers'd in modern History, knows to be as inseparable a mark of an omnium gatherum as the Cloven foot is of Mephistophiles. If you have therefore the Luck to see one gaudy picture at the beginning, which is even as it pleaseth Painter, and Printer, set your Heart at rest there, and hope not for a scrap of one more between — Gentle Reader and Finis. — But this is n't a Quarter of what you and I have to say to one another: I should be an hard hearted Brute of a Father indeed, if I could be so cruel as to send this poor Brat of a Book abroad into the wide World, without speaking so much as one good Word for't. What may be objected against it, is either as to the matter, or manner,

The Epistle to the Reader.

ner of 't; and here, tho' with Mr. Rhombus I should cut my Cheese into two particles, yet since my Readers naturally fall into three parts, I can't help't, to save my Life: They are either the Wise, or Fools, who 'tis likely may be disgruntled at the first — or the Trimmers, a Little o' one with t'other, who may be offended at the Latter. — Now, Quo' the first, — 'Tis light, vain, frothy, airy, — here's Time mispent, and may — be some pains on Subjects below the Gravity of a Man, at least of a Christian, to employ himself about. So much for Ob: enter Sol. — If those Gentlemen will do me the favour to lend me an handful or two of Beard, and be at the charge of grafting it on, I'll oblige my self to a speedy, and thorough Reformation in that case. Some time is no doubt allowable for meer Recreation, this is certainly harmless; I hope nothing will be found here that may either make me justly blush to own, or another to read; and I hope they'l grant this kind of diversion a little more excusable than fooling away two or three years, and it may be as many Reams of Paper, in doleful Dutys of Philander and Phillis, which uses to be the generat work of all that are Premices to a Verswright — They have, I believe, heard of the Great St. Basils Encomium on a Pismire, as well as the Diversions of many famous Persons on as Inconsiderable Subjects. I dare not

The Epistle to the Reader.

before them quote the Authority of the ingenious Preface to the Valentinian, (tho' hardly one of 'em but must own when young they have read both Plays and Romances:) But here's somewhat I some time ago cabbag'd from Osborn, that will I think help as well at a dead list.---[Advice to a Son of Studies---pag. 11. parag. 17.] "The way to Elegance of Stile, "is to employ the Pen upon every Errand, and the more trivial and dry it "is, the more Brains must be allow'd for "Sawce. Thus by checking all ordinary "Invention, your Reason will attain to such "an Habit, as not to dare present you but "with what is excellent.]

Well! If all this won't satisfie, what think ye of a knocking Argument, hight-necessity? Who knows but my Shoes may want dearning, or my Stockings happen to be a little out at Elbows, (no Miracles in a Rhimester let me tell ye) and in this case a Recruit of as many yellow Ones as the Book-seller and I can agree upon, will be no false Latin. They may rejoyn,---Why not something serious then, and worthy my own pains, and others perusal? 'Tis easily answered, That tho' such a design should suit with my present Tears and Inclinations, yet who would be the Customers? Alas, their Party is but weak and small in the World; which leads me to the second Part of my Text.

The Epistle to the Reader.

—As concerning Fools, the Proverb is, — A Word to the Wise; but o' the contrary, I hope to dispatch these more reasonable Gentlemen a great deal sooner; their Objections sure can't be very material, nor will their Weapons make very deep Impressions, tho' soon shot: However, being the greatest, the most considerable, jovial, complaisant, agreeable part of Mankind, 'twill be no small part of my Interest to oblige 'em. And why mayn't I have my chance as well as others? If I take the same Method by which another has pleas'd 'em: If I write lilly enough, why mayn't my Book sell as well as any Christmas Tales and Wonders that has been clapt into Fists since Bills were invented? I'm sure my Verses—dribble down daintily, as Bro. Bunnyan has't, as well as the best Sing-song in e're a Pilgrim's Progress of 'em all. But since these are great words, and Comparisons are odious, I'l make an end of 'em, and only assure those whom it may concern, ---That 'tis all perfectly new; 'tis all mirth, ---and I know not what else 'tis recommends a Rattle to Children, and Bartlomew Fair to Fools. But if any chance to stick somewhere or other on something that looks like Reason, which I'll engage shan't fall out often enough to choak 'em, why 'tis but taking a small leap, and they're safe and sound upon the Terra firma of Nonsense

The Epistle to the Reader.

sence agen.—But now for the middle-siz'd man, just in the Centre of Gravity, between wise and fool,---that cruel Indifferent, which not a whining Lover in Chistendom but shall tell you, is a thousand times more unsupportable than flat and plain hating. What's to be done with this most unhoopable Reader? I doubt he'l make as doleful a clatter among my poor Maggots, as Lucian's Colossus, quarrelling and hunching about for Elbow-room in the Parliament of the Gods, who broke holes in the very Roof of Olympus with his Steeple Crown. This is that dreadful sort of Animal, as common, and teasty, and mischievous in the Play-house, as the Mesquito in hotter Countries, or Gnats in the Fenlands. By this time I suppose you know what I mean by all this clatter; neither better nor worse than that sort of Creature call'd a Critic: And he 'tis likely Tooth and Nayl falls aboard the manner of my work. Right Worshipful,---'Tis strain'd,--affected,---full of Longe-petites, store of Incongruities,---Uncorrect,---Tedious---Digressions, long-Comment run away with the Text, &c. If you have any thing more Mr. Critic! pray speak now, or for ever after hold your peace! No: This some will say is more than enough, because unanswerable. But softly; One's Tale's good till another's is told. Is any thing strain'd or obscure? In such uncommon

The Epistle to the Reader.

common Subjects, so purely out of the Road, how can the Superstructure be otherwise! Pray what Author could I consult to pillage a sparkling Verse from here and there, or, like some Chymic Angel (as a late Author or two have it) to nimm a golden Fancy, on such Themes as these? Would some good Body would advise what Shop in Paul's Church-yard, Duck-Lane, or Little-Brittain, I should consult to find a Treatise of the Causes, Essence and Property's of a piece of Ginger-bread, or in what part of the Transactions of the Royal Society, I should find how many yards a nimble Louse reaches at Hop-Stride-and-Jump? This too, by the way, may in some measure excuse my Digressions, tho' even those may, like an Episode in a Play, be so managed as to become a Grace, rather than a Blurr to the design, if they ben't too many;—if proceeding naturally from the main design, and all helping towards it;—if not over-tedious; all which Requisites, or most of 'em, will, I hope, square with mine. For the filling so much of the Book with Explanation,—Let's discourse here for a while very gravely. Is't not better to do thus than leave the Grammarians a thousand year hence to scratch, and bite, and break one anothers Heads about one's meaning, as they do now about Perseus's, where, may be, like the Quakers, we deny meanings, and

The Epistle to the Reader.

have, in that place, none at all. How would poor Homer bless himself, were he, like his own Ulysses, to return, and find how he is, since his Death too, improv'd into a Statuary, a Captain, a Moralist, a Politician, and would you think it? a Divine too, and a thousand other things he never so much as thought or dream't of, poor old Fellow, since the hour he was born! But supposing the worst, or, if you please, granting it, that Roguy Time should be so sacrilegiously hungry as to devour all these fine things in a Twelve-month and a day, (as 'twould be a great Temptation, I'll assure ye, to one sharp set to find 'em under Pyes;) Yet, when for the reason before alledg'd, it is impossible to have every where common Notions on so uncommon Subjects, I have by these Notes endeavour'd to make all plain to the meanest Capacity, with as much brevity as could consist with clearness. Nor in this very case is a noble Example wanting, were't not against the Rules of Decency, to defend so little a thing with such great Authority. For the Incongruities, which I doubt not may, if any whose Eyes are sharpen'd with Prejudice, or Judgement, look close on 'em, be easily observed, (besides the Carelessness and undress with which in many places the Verse appears :) First, I remember I'm neither writing a Supposition in Philosophy, nor a System of

The Epistle to the Reader.

of Divinity, nor an Epic Poem, where indeed all ought to be most religiously observ'd. What was said by a person, however by Wits of a greater Genius expos'd, yet certainly, if thirty Years Experience be any thing, no Fool in Poetry, has certainly a great deal of truth in't.

—He that servilely creeps after Sense,
Is safe, but ne'r shall reach at Excellence.

—Or somewhat like it; tho' perhaps he may be as apt to censure others in that case, as many have him. If this ben't enough, I would desire such as are yet dissatisfi'd, to take notice, that tho' for Reasons told half-an-hour-agon, this was printed, yet I could never be vain enough to think 'twould procure the Author much Reputation; and therefore, as I wa'n't over ambitious of seeing my worthy Name adorning a Pissing-Post, or glittering in a Term-Catalogue, so nor did I think it worth the while to throw away better time in making it more correct, or shewing it to any person, not troubling my few Friends with my Resolution to publish it. If any are so unconscionable, that all this won't satisfie 'em, but either for old Acquaintance, or new Remembrance they must be finding or making faults, the comfort on't is, I have the same liberty, and am as free to think what I please of theirs, if ever they have

The Epistle to the Reader.

or may come under the Predicament of the Author.—I can't remember any thing more, but,—You're very welcome Gentlemen! And therefore to conclude, with the help of the Accademy of Complements, and my Book-seller's Epistle,

So I rest,

Yours, Yours, Yours,

In ten thousand Obligations

of Love and Service,

etc.
An old Book containing *directions*
2 letters for all persons *in situation*
to your friend or his wife,
Compliments in prose & verse &

a collection of old songs

Books

Books lately published by J. Dunton.

A Very delightful and useful Treatise, Entituled, *Heavenly Pastime*, or pleasant Observations on all the most remarkable passages throughout the Holy Bible of the Old and New Testament, newly Allegoriz'd, in several pleasant Dialogues, Poems, Similitudes, Paraphrases, and Divine Fancies: To which is added, (1) The miraculous manner of the production of our Old Grandmother *Eve*, with the supposed manner of *Adam's* first Nuptial Addresses to her, and the pleasant Circumstances of their Marriage. (2) You have an Account of *Eve's* first Addresses to *Adam*, and her Industry in making a Garment for her Husband. (3) You have a pleasant Account of *Adam* and *Eve's* Winter Suits, their Lodging and first Building, with an Account in what pretty manner they first invent'd a fire to warm them. (4) You have abundance of supposed Dialogues, very full of delightful reading, &c.

The Pilgrim's Guide: To which is added, *The Sick Man's Passing-bell*. Both by *John Dunton*.

A Continuation of *Morning-Exercise Questions and Cases of Conscience*, practically resolved by 31 Reverend and able Divines in the City of *London*. In a large 4^{to}.

The Progress of Sin, or the *Travels of Ungodliness*, in an Allegory. As also the manner of his Apprehension, Arraignment, Tryal, Condemnation and Execution. The second Edition: To which is now added, *Ungodliness's Voyage to Sea*, with many pleasant Additions besides. By *B. Keach*. Illustrated with five lively Cuts. Price bound 1 s.

The Travels of True Godliness, in an Allegory. The seventh Edition: To which is now added five lively Cuts, together with *True Godliness's Voyage to Sea*, with many new Additions besides. By *B. Keach*, Author of *War with the Devil*. Price Bound 1 s.



Maggots.

On a Maggot.

THE *Maggot Bites*, I must begin:
Muse! pray be civil! enter in!
 Ranfack my addled *pate* with Care,
 And muster all the *Maggots* there!
 Just at the *Gate* you'l bless your Eyes,
 To find one of so large a Size:
 'Tis true he's hardly full as tall,
 As the two *striplings* in *Guildhall*;
 Yet is he Jolly, Fat, and Plump,
 With dainty *Curls* from *Snowt* to *Rump*:
 (') And struts, says *Jordan* what he can,
 As goodly as any *Alderman*.
 The Law of *Poetry's* not broke,
 If, since an *Horse* in *Homer* spoke;
 I steal, for my dear *Worms* Occasions
 A scrap of *Livy's* fine *Orations*:
 (b) (And

Maggots.

(^b) (And 'twill, no doubt, as much be said,
By *him*, as *them* for whom 'twas made.)

Within a *Nut-shells Pulpit* large,
As grave as *Judge* that's giving charge;
Swelling as big as *Justled Bully*,
Thus he holds forth like t'other *Tully*:

Take notice all that hither come!

(^c) *Romanus ego civis sum*.

'Twas I my self, 'twas I possess,
Scavola's mighty *Brain*, and *Breast*;
I was the *Worm in's Crown*, that made,
The *Dec. Porfennia's* camp invade:
I did the' *Heroick Jobb*: 'twas I,

(^d) That made his *Paw*, like *Drum-stick* fry:
'Twould make the dullest *Maggot* smile,
To' observe his pretty *motions*, while,
His *Mutton-Fist* did *Hiz*, and *Broil*:
Of which I an account could give ye,

(^e) Truer by far than *Goodman Livy*.

When the *Spark Tarquin* did prevail,
For all *Lucretia's Tooth*, and *Nail*;
And, which if true were ungenteel,
Kiss'd her, poor *Soul*! against her will:
Was't not a very pleasant *Whimm*,

(^f) That *she* should kill her self for *him*?

When, I that saw it, durst have sworn,
She was as *Innocent as Child unborn*;
Pray let not *Livy's Shams* prevail!
I was the *Worm*, in *Pate*, and *Tail*:

aid, That made the *Matron* bravely dye,
A *Sacrifice* to *Chastity*.
(Good *Folks* that Love your Necks, *stand clear!*
(°) For I must leap *five hundred Tear:*)
'Twas I brought down that *Rampant Gypsie*,
(h) Whose *Love* and *Pearls* made *Tony* tipsie:
And, when she him no more could clasp,
(i) The *Maggot* bit, as well's the *Asp*;
I stood at the *Beds-feet*, Intent
On her *Last Will*, and *Testament*:
I come she cryed, I com' dear *Hony!*
And then kickt up with *Tony! Tony:*
But I'me *not only* bold, and valiant,
For *Wit*, an't please ye! too's my *Talent*;
And by a better *Title*, I
May plead for *God of Poesie*.
Than those whom each dull *Thief* abuses,
In *Dogrel Phœbus*, and the *Muses*:
When *Virgil* all day long did write,
(k) And lickt his pretty *Cubbs* at night;
I roll'd about his *Brain*, and there
Aeneas Good, and *Dido* fair,
Now plac'd a *Scolding*, now a *Billing*,
(l) Sometimes *begetting*, sometimes *killing*.
What e're he of old *Sybill* prate,
'Twas I that propt his *Heroes Fate*;
And when *Post-horses* he did lack,
(m) Lugg'd him to *Hell a-Pick-a-Pack*.
I am the very *God*, and like ye,
That fell in Love with *Mrs. Psiche*;

Let none my just pretensions scorn,
 For *Cupid* was a *Maggot* born:
 Then thriv'd, and grew, and by degrees,
 Like his harmonious *Brother-Bees*,
 Thrust out a *Leg*, and then a *Wing*,
 And *Bow*, and *Arrows* for a *Sting*.
 (°) And when I please my self to Dart,
 Into a ravisht Lovers *Heart*;
 'Tis I who all their *Souls* inspire
 With soft *Wishes*, gay *Desire*,
 Melting *Looks*, and amorous *Fire*.

Hold! hold! 'tis time to grow more humble,
 (°) Least I like *Phaeton*, should tumble;
 I'll *Mount* no more, but here sit *steady*,
 Since I'm a *Goddikin* already.

NOTES.

(°) [And strut, say *Jordan* what he can,
 As goodly as any *Alderman*.]

- *The Incomparable Mr. Jordan*, (quem honoris causa nomino) who has made London famous by his Lord Mayors day Poetry, as even *Pryn* did *Mount Orgueil*.

(^b) [And 'twill, no doubt, as much be said,
 By him, as them for whom 'twas made.]

I suppose few Consciences but are a little too Con-
 stive in this Case, and for all *Mr. Livy's* Au-
 thority, are apt to believe *Scævola* had other
 thing

things to mind than making fine speeches, and round Periods when his Fist was frying.

(^c) [Romanus ego Civis sum.]

The beginning of Scævola's Oration in Livy.

(^d) That made his Paw, like Drum-stick fry:

'Tis a known Story, when Rome was besieged by King Porfenna, Mutius Scævola went to the Camp, intending to stabb him, but mistook a Nobleman of his Train for the King, for this had his Hand broil'd over a Chaffing-Dish of Coals, (like a Pullets claw) but held it all the while unconcern'd and immovable: see the Story in Livy's Decades, Vol. 1. Book 1. p. 78.

(^e) [Truer by far than Goodman Livy.]

For there would not be half so many prodigies in't. — He somewhere or other, makes an Oxe speak — and why not my Maggot as well?

(^f) [That she should kill her self for him.]

Lucretia's Death, the cause, and manner on't is at every School-boys fingers Ends — She kill'd her self because Tarquin's Son Sixtus had ravish'd her.

(^g) [For I must leap five-hundred Year.]

Supposing 'twere more from Lucretia to Cleopatra, yet that's a good round Number, and Poets have seldom been old excellent at Cronology. — Virnefs Virgil.

(^h) [Whose Love and Pearls made Tony tipsie:]

Cleopatra dissolv'd in a Draught of Wine, gave Mark Anthony a Pearl worth — I dont know what.

(ⁱ) [The

(ⁱ) [The Maggor bit, as well's the Asp.]

To avoid her being expos'd to the Conquerer's Mercy, she clapt Vipers to her Breast, and dy'd.

(^k) [And lickt his pretty Cubbs at Night.]

Virgils Commentators mention that as his custom, to compose some 40 verses, and reduce 'em all into 8, or 10.

(^l) [Sometimes begetting, sometimes killing.]

This must be taken Sano Sensu. Take notice I mean Æneas for one, and Dido for t'other.

(^m) [Lugg'd him to Hell a-Pick-a-Pack.]

Æneas his descent into Hell takes up a fair Cantlet in Virgil; nor I believe, tho' the learned differ here, will any quarrel about this Circumstance; whither he rode thither on my Maggot, or Old Sybilla's Broomstaff.

(ⁿ) [And when I please my self can dart,
Into a ravisht Lovers Heart.]

And no doubt will be as good Company there as the Fury's Snakey Worms, which they are bound to throw into every one they bewitch.

(^o) [Least I like Phaeton should tumble.]

Who fairly broke his Neck from his Father's Coach-box, like Crashaws Dwarf from the Pismires back.

On two Souldiers killing one another for
a Groat.

FULL doleful Tales have oft been told,
By Chimney *warm* in Winter *cold*,
About the *Sacred Thirst of Gold* ;
To hear 'em half 'twould mad ye.
To Jayl how many Headlong run,
How many a *hopeful* Youth's undone,
How many a vile *ungracious* Son,
For this has murder'd *Daddy*?
Yet those that tumble Books, may find,
Unless (as who can help't!) they're *blind*,
That *Silver* comes not far behind,
But's e'ne as bad as t'other:
For this, who'd of such luck have thought?
For this, tho' not above a *Groat*,
Two *Valiant* Souldiers lately fought,
And murder'd one the other.
Well! who can tell how soon he' may dye?
Both, as good Friends as You and I,
Their hungry *Wombs* to satisfie?
Scale an *enchanted Castle*:
Painted without some think't a kin,
To that renowned *Fort* wherein
Quiriot the Great such fame did win,
And with fell *Gyants* Wrastle. (°)

As kind as ever in their Life,
 As kind they sate as *Man and Wife*,
 O! who among 'em scatter'd Strife;
 That Petty fogging Fury?

But this is plainly prov'd by all,
 Some *Viper* to their Hearts did crawl,
 And so they'l find it if you call

An Honest Poets Jury. (b)

A *Great* was dropt upon the Board,
 This takes it up, That draws his Sword,
 And tells him it must be restor'd,

Or else expect what follows!

Each gives the *Lye*, and at that Word
 Each runs upon the t'other's Sword,
 And each, stretcht fairly Under-board,
 In Blood and Liquor wallows.

So *Arms*, and great *Brutus* fell, (*)
 And so they fought, tho scarce so well,
 So to *Clysmm*, or to Hell,

They sunk, I know not whether:

So on *Peto-markets* Jolly Heath,
 The *Hawk*, and *Hearn* struggling for Breat
 Tho not in Life yet joyn'd in Death:

'Come tumbling down together. (*)

Both grin at their expiring Foe,
 With Sword in Fist both Huffing go,
 To fright the trembling Shades below,
 Bloated with Martial Glory:

Both in the *Bed of Honour* rest,
 With *Lawrel* boughs, and *Garlands* dress't,
 Perfum'd as sweet as *Phoenix-Nest*;
 And there's an end o' th' *Story*.
 Yet take good *Counsel*, *Courteous Friend*,
 And learn by their untimely End,
 Not about *Trifles* to contend,
 Or with another grapple :
 Since *Garrison-Strife* has often wrought,
 Such mischiefs as you'd ne're had thought,
 And murder'd for a *Silver Great*,
 As well's a *Golden-Apple*. (*)

NOTES.

(*) *Quixot the Great* such fame did win,
 And with fell *Gyants* *Wrastle*.]

Vid. Book the p. the of the renowned
 History of *Don Quixot*. Where the Knight was in
 great Peril by three dreadful *Leather-Bottles* of *Wine*,
 whom after a sore *Battle*, he at last *Valiantly* hew'd
 all to pieces.

(b) — [*An Honest Poets Fury*.]

'Tis notorious how necessary *Actors* in any
Poetical Murder, or *Mischief*, a *Fury*, and a *Viper*
 are. — Vid. *Virg. Aenead.* B. 7. p. 1. and if
 I may profane that great Name so much to quote
 it here, Mr. *Cowleys* *Dav.* B. p. 1.

Virg. Huic Dea caeruleis unum de crinibus anguem
Conjicit, inque Sinum praecordia ad intima subdit.
Cowley.

(*) [*So Aruns, and great Brutus fell.*]

Livy relates it in *Book 1st. of 1st. Vol. p. 72.* at the first encounter, *Aruns* and *Brutus* both fell dead from their Horses, pierced quite through with one another's Spears.

(*) [*The Hawk and Hearn came tumbling down together.*]

The Custom of the Hearn when she sees the Hawk stooping at her, and no way of escape, is to turn her Long Bill upwards, upon which the Hawk not being able to stop, runs it self through, and so both often drop down dead together.

(*) [*As will's a Golden Apple.*]

The Story is worn the-d-bare of the Golden Apple which was the cause of the Wars of Troy.

M
L
F
C
L
I
T
T
G
V
V
B
B
A
A
T
S

The Argument,

*A Tame Snake left in a Box of Bran,
was devoured by Mice after a great
Battle.*

Written An. Dom. 1681.

NO Monarch's Death, no fall of Prince
(or King,
My humble rural Muse intends to sing.
Let others strive in everlasting-Verse,
First to make *Hero's*, then t'adorn their *Hērse*,
Of stranger Tragedys I will complain ;
Low Subjects best besit a lowly Swain.
Immortal *Maro* did immortal make
The *loving Gnat* that sav'd him from a *Snake* ;
The Theme's inverted now, why should not I
Give my poor *harmless Worm* an *Elegy*?
Why should not I his luckless Fate bemoan,
Wrong'd and abus'd by all, but wronging
(none?
Bred in the *Fields*, he oft was *bruis'd* and broke
By ev'ry *cross-grain'd* Traveller's cruel stroke;
At length he leaves th' unhospitable Air,
And to the Town's *Asylum* does repair ;
There all his *Tricks* and all his *Slight's* imparts,
So to revive his Patron's drooping Hearts:

Now through a Ring he'll softly gliding pass,
 Now weave a thousand Circles in the Grass;
 Now in a thousand folds himself he'll tye,
 Which with the Oraculous Gordian Knot shall

(vye:

This *Alexander* needs not cut in twain;
 Next moment finds it all dissolv'd again.
 Him no proud *Lowres*, nor *Escorial's* Hide,
 What has a humble Worm to do with Pride?
 A little Box which his kind Master gave,
 His Pallace was, and would have been his

(Grave;

But sacrilegious Mouths him thence did tear,
 And made their Guts his loathed Sepulcher.
 Epicurizing there on homely Bran,
 He Gluttony upbraids in wiser Man;
 As happy as a harmless Snake could be,
 Happy as *Cadmus* or *Hermione*.

Erinnis saw, and foam'd, and rav'd, and
 (griev'd,

My Snake better than her black *Vipers* liv'd;
 Unto great *Monstapha* she does repair,
 With leathern Wings forcing the burthen'd

(Air;

Monstapha, cruel, secret, bold and wise,
 Redoubted Monarch of the well-teeth'd *Mice*,
 Approaching his proud Palace, she put on
 The form of *Mab*, Empress to *Oberon*:
 When the stern Prince of *Mice* in slumber lay
 Tir'd with luxurious Revels of the day,

The

The Fury envying him so calm a rest;
 Enthrones a *Vice-Roy Viper* in his Breast.
 Then thus accosts him, -- Wake, -- lost King,
 (awake,
 Unless your last *long Sleep* you mean to take:
 That *Traytor* who your Brother once o're-
 (power'd,
 And on yon *fatal Lake* his Limbs devour'd,
 When with *Physignathus* he went to view
 Regions before unknown to him and you;
 The treacherous *Water-Snake* hard by does
 (rest,
 And will, I fear, attempt your *sacred Breast*:
 Life then, if you're a King, and guard your
 (Throne,
 Revenge your Brothers Quarrel, and your
 (own.
 Thus said, no longer she above abides,
 But down agen, a-down to Hell the Fury
 (slides.
 Up starts the *Micean Prince*, and stares
 (around,
 And with his Cryes the ecchoing Walls re-
 (sound:
 Off from his Bed he leaps, and takes his
 (Launce,
 A piece of an old Needle found by chance;
 Then with another skip he nimbly flees
 To his tough Shield made of the Rind of
 Cheese:

A Guard he cries, with Screeches shrill and
 (long,
 And his bold Subjects to the Presence throng,
 Like walls of Brass they all around him stand:
 When Silence was observ'd at his Command,
 He thus bespake his Princes,——

—— Shall we be
 Always content with *sordid Slavery*?

Not Long ago stern *Jove fierce Tybert* sent,
 Who all the Flower of our sad Nation rent;
 When freed from her a while we breath'd
 (in peace,

New Foes, new Rebbels every day increase.
 And is this all the Guard my Princes keep?
 Thus could you kindly let your Sovereign

(sleep,
 Whilst a *fierce Viper* does in ambush lye?

Thus could you undiscover'd pass him by?
 Upon yon Cliff, my *Genius* found him out,
 With feeble--*wooden Walls* inscons'd about.

There needs no more, if ye are *Mice*, begin,
 Stand to your Arms, and take the *Fortress* in.

That happy *Mouse* that brings the *Tray-*
tor's Head,

With Garlands *Crown'd*, shall round our
 (Streets be led,

And my *Fair Daughter* grace his *Nuptial*
Bed.

A dreadful new-form'd Army strait ap-
(pears,

Bright numerous Troops of *eager Volunteers* :

Unto the Castle their joynt Forces drew,

All *Pioneers*, and all *Affailants* too :

Its *feeble Walls* they madly undertake,

And quickly the too weak Foundations shake.

A *spacious Breach* but too too soon was made,

But my Snake knew not how to be afraid ;

Rais'd his *blew Crest*, with *Hisses* fill'd the Air,

And bravely does for brave defence prepare.

Artophagus, the Young, the Fair, the Stout,

Get's o're the *Rampire* first of all the Rout :

But the Defendant nimbly thrusts him down,

And on a *Rocky Mountain* splits his Crown ;

The fall does all his well-head'n bones dis-

(place,

His Brains Spurt out and stick upon the face

Of sad *Sitaphagus*, who was combin'd

By Friendship to him, as by Nature joyn'd :

Upon his *bleeding Reliques* down he fell,

Wishing for ever only there to dwell ;

He'd his desire, for, crusht with a huge stone,

Even as in Life, so they in Death are one.

Their fates inrag'd the bold surviving Crew,

Who to the Breach like Bees in Clusters flew ;

With Ivory Spears some lance his *chequer'd*

(Breast,

Some *scaling Ladders* raise, and mount, the

(rest ;

Under-

Undermine all the *avenues*, and some,
 Bring in *Reserves*, (without or *Flute*, or *Drum*)
 All their Efforts as yet are spent in vain,
 Unmov'd he like a Rock does still remain:
 Huge weights the Ladders crack, he sees his

(foes,
 Mangled, and crush't by their 'own party's
 (blows.

Great *Monstapha* himself does now draw nigh,
 And his glad followers voices rend the Sky;
 His *Janizary's* to the assault he calls,
 Who like themselves assail'd the *tottering*
 (Walls;

Swarms of *four-footed Warriors* now had set
 Their Arms upon a lofty Parapet:
 A natural counterescarp of living store;

The *Affailants* strove at first to mine't, but
 (they

Discourag'd with the Labour went away:
 Here the *Sly Snake* swift through a Port-hole
 (goes,

Unfear'd, unmarkt by his presumptuous foes:
 With various windings he attempts to shock
 The now more than *Half undermined* Rock;
 No little Prudence, and no little pain
 Now loos'd the stubborn Earth which did re-

(tain

The

The unwieldy stone; the stone which now did
 Innumerable Warriour, who repair
 To the free breach, does on a sudden fall
 And in Inevitable ruine plung'd 'em all.
 Loud shrieks here scale the Heavens, and
 Springs up from the poor mangled
 The horrid paint press't from the reeking
 Soon turns the Living's sable hiew to Red.
 Heart-chilling fear, and black despair around
 The fearful, desperate Micean camp resound;
 They can't for the retreats late signal stay,
 He's the best Souldier thought that fastest runs
 The Mighty Dragon he has hir'd they cry,
 And raise a formidable Mutiny:
 Moustapha from his Tent does hasten out,
 By Love, or fear to stop the murthering Row;
 Now he perswades, and now enrag'd does
 Bidding his Guards kill all that leave the
 A greater fear prevails with some to stay,
 Tho' envying such as ran betimes away:
 The enraged Tyrant of proud Miceen's Lands,
 Mounted upon a Captive Moustapha stands;

His furious Eyes sparkle with boyling Ire,
He breaths Destruction, Blood, Revenge, and
(Fire.

Then thus Accosts his Army.

Can it be!

How long have *Miscean* Souldiers learn'd to

(flee?

Degenerate Mice! to lead you I disdain,

Throw down your Arms, and e'ne sneak home

(again!

Where are those *Heroes* who with me

(could dare,

And beat the *Elephant*, whose shoulders

(bare,

Without a Trope, huge Castles in the

(Air?

One of your Valiant Ancestors, in strife

With *Man* himself did save a *Lyons* Life,

And for his lawful Guerdon did possess

By her great Parent's Will the *Lyones*s ;

Tho' some may his too luckless end deride,

Like *Phaeton* in great attempts he dy'd.

Was it indeed so long ago, when we

Took noble Arms against the Tyranny,

Offend Puss? (a Curse upon the Name!)

Where are your Souls? where is your dear

(bought fame?

Well may the Rebel Frogs rejoyce to see

How their brave Conquerers poorly conquer'd

(be.

Well.

Well may they rise against us, well may they
 chafe their poor low-soul'd, *little Lords* away.
 Shall one weak foe or forces baffle thus,
 and shall a *Worm* contend with *Mighty us*?
 Rowze your Souls, and wake your Rage
 (and Hate,
 poor *Wretch*! Valiant he's not, but desperate;
 see where your mangled Fellows gasping lie,
 The Tryumphs of his Viperous Cruelty!
 Be ready to revenge your Kindreds falls,
 As soon as the too tardy Trumpet calls!
 On then like *Mice*! the *Manes* of the Dead,
 Call for Revenge upon his guilty Head.

A joyful Hum ran round the Camp, they
 (shake
 Their dreadful Arms, and preparation make
 For *General Assaults*. This from on high,
 The pensive wounded *Snake* with Grief did
 (Spy;
 His Walls were gone, his feeble Curtains
 (rent,
 His food, and all his *Ammunition* spent;
 There's no hope; dye he must, yet e're he
 (dyes,
 Amongst his Friends he'll leave some *Legacies*:
 His batter'd *Castle* which must be his Grave,
 To his kind Master once again he gave.
 His *Bones*, if reserv'd from the murdering
 (Hand,
 Of the fierce *Mice*, to make his Hat a Band;
 His

His *Brains*, if them some generous Mouse
 (would bring
 To them he gives who say he has a Sting:
 Who'll give their sence the lye in meer de
 (spight,
 Altho' they see he'l neither sting, nor bite.
 This done, he scornsto sneak into his Grave,
 But will at least a *noble exit* have;
 Unto the Castle Wall he seems to grow,
 Ready to meet his Death, to meet his foe:
 Hundreds in Crowds over *crust* hundreds
 (come,
 Some to meet *Conquest*, most to meet their
 (Doom.
 Weary'd with Death, and tir'd with killing
 (now,
 The *Champions Body*, not his *Mind* must
 (bow;
 Now first his Enemy's weak hopes begin,
 And Floods of *desperate foes* all round come
 (rolling in:
 All round he glides, and be they he're so
 (strong,
 Their Death he hasts, and does his Life pro-
 (long.
 But when the still encreasing Enemy,
 Like a *swoln Torrent* does all stops defie;
 His nimble Tail about their Legs he twists,
 In vain his *Fury* every one resists:

Then from on high a-down himself does
 (throw,
 At once expiring with the *expiring* foe;
 Encompass't round with *Trophys*, there he
 (lies,
 And in the *Bed of Honour* bravely dyes.

A Pindarique,

On the Grunting of a Hog.

Freeborn *Pindaric* never does refuse,
 Either a lofty, or a humble Muse:
 Now in proud *Sophoclean* Bulkins Sings,
 Of *Hero's*, and of *Kings*,
 Mighty Numbers, mighty Things;
 Now out of sight she flies,
 Rowing with gaudy Wings
 A-croſs the stormy Skys,
 Then down again,
 Her ſelf ſhe Flings,
 Without uneaſineſs, or Pain
 To Lice, and Dogs,
 To Cows, and Hogs,
 And follows their melodious grunting o're the Plain.
 2.
 Harmonious *Hog* draw near:
 No bloody *Butchers* here,
 Thou need'ſt not fear,
 Harmonious *Hog* draw near, and from thy *beauteous* *Snout*
 Whiſt we attend with Ear,
 Like thine prick't up devout;

To taste thy *Sugry voice*, which here, and there,
 With wanton *Curls*, vibrates around the circling Air,
Harmonious Hog! warble some *Anthem* out!
 As sweet as those which quiv'ring *Monks* in days of Yore,
 With us did roar;
 When they alas,
 That the hard-hearted *Abbot* such a Coyl should keep,
 And cheat 'em of their first, their sweetest Sleep;
 When they were ferretted up to *Midnight Mass*:
 Why should not other *Piggs* on *Organs* play,
 As well as They.

3.

Dear *Hog!* thou King of Meat!
 So near thy Lord Mankind,
 The nicest Taste can scarce a difference find!
 No more may I thy glorious *Gammons* eat!
 No more,
 Partake of the *Free Farmers Christmass* store,
Black Puddings which with Fat would make your Mouths
 (run o're:
 If I, tho' I should ne're so long before the Sentence stay,
 And in my large Ears scale, the thing ne're so discreetly
 (weigh,
 If I can find a difference in the Notes,
 Belcht from the applauded Throats
 Of Rotten Play-house *Songsters-All-Divine*,
 If any difference I can find between their Notes, and
 (Thine:
 A Noise they keep with *Tune*, and out of *Tune*,
 And Round, and Flat,
 High, Low, and This, and That,
 That *Algebra*, or Thou, or I might understand as soon.
 4.
 Like the confounding *Notes* innumerable Strings,
 One of them Sings;
 Thy easier Musick's ten times more divine;

More

More like the one string'd, deep, Majestick Trump-
(*Marine* :
Prythee strike up, and cheer this drooping Heart of
(*Mine* !

Not the sweet Harp that's claim'd by *Jews*,
Nor that which to the far more Ancient *Welsh* belongs,
(*) Nor that which the Wild *Irish* use,
Frighting even their own *Wolves* with loud *Hubbubba-*
(*boas*.

(b) Nor *Indian* Dance, with *Indian* Songs,
Nor yet,

(Which how should I so long forget ?)

The Crown of all the rest,

The very Cream o'th' Jest :

Amptuous Noble *Lyre*—the Tongs ;

Nor, tho' Poetick *Jordan* bite his *Thumbs*,

At the bold word, my Lord *Mayors* *Flutes*, and *Kettle-*
(*Drums* ;

Not all this Instrumental dare,
With thy soft, ravishing, vocal Musick ever to compare.

NOTES.

(*) [Nor that which the Wild *Irish* use,
Frighting even their own *Wolves* with loud *Hubbubba*boos.

'Tis the Custom of the *Irish*, when any thing is stolen, or other sudden accident, presently to set up that note, [*Hubbubba*boo] the next that hears it does the like, and so Intelligence is conveyed swifter than by any *Hue-and-Cry* with us.

(b) — [Nor *Indian* Dance, with *Indian* Songs.]

A Taste of whose Humour, and Harmony has been often enough presented at the Play-house by the *Indian* Girls.

To my Gingerbread Mistress.

Dear Miss, not with a Lie to cheat ye,
 I love you so that I could eat ye.
 'Tis not that Gold that does adorn
 Your Bosom like the rising Morn,
 When dropping dry from watry Bed
Sol shakes his *Carrot-Loggerhead*:
 'Tis not your Gold I mean to woove;
 Alas, 'tis You, and only You.
 'Tis not that *Coronet* which does shine
 With Beams not half so bright as thine,
 Which scatter Glories that excell
 The Nose of *Zara's Dowzabel*. (*)
 'Tis not the Rose of lip-like *hiew*,
 Nor Virgin-Plumb's *Celestial* blew,
 Nor all the Nuts that plunder'd be
 From the sad *Squirrel's Granarie*;
 Nor Pears long cramm'd in faithful store,
 As yellow as the *Golden-Ore*;
 Nor Crumpling sweet, with *Cheeks divine*,
 Yet not so fair, my Dear, as thine;
 Nor Custards stuck with Plumbs and Flies,
 Nor Heart-reviving Pudding-Pyes,
 Tho' queasie Stomach's them contemn,
 Bake't on thy n'own dear *Granny's Wemm*. (b)
 Ah! 'tis not, 'tis not this, nor all
 The Goods in Cellar, Pouch or Stall,
 Which

Which *Apple-Woman* does provide
 For such as make her Child their Bride:
 King *Harry Groats* with Rust o're-grown,
 And *Edward Shillings* more than one;
 I say't, my Love, and say't again,
 I was none of these that caus'd my pain:
 I was first thy goggling, *Egg-like Eyes*,
 Like those in *Mahomet's Paradise*, (*)
 Which did my *Jack-with-a-Lantern* prove,
 And mir'd me up to th' Ears in Love.
 Then all thy Dotes came powd'ring in,
 Thy Mother's manly *Nose* and *Chin*,
 Thy *Nose* which (not thy Faces Friend)
 Keeps a poor Lover at *Arm's end*;
 Thy *Chin* which with kind *Carl* doth grace
 Thy n'own dear Father's *Wainscot Face*;
 A *Mouth* which should with *Mopsa's Vye*,
 Altho' *Pamela's* self stood by;
Lips which like *Paris Casements* shew,
 Still opening with a *Guarda vouz*;
 There *Caravans* of Spices meet,
 Not *Western Civet* half so sweet,
 Nor *mellow Ducks* in *Claret* stew'd,
 When *Atoms* were in *Altitude*.
 But not to stay on every Charm,
 In *Far-like Leg*, and *May-pole Arm*;
 Nor how my *Conquerss* did prevail,
 And wound with every *Tooth* and *Nail*:
 Ah! 'twas, as too-too well you know,
 Your *Hand* that struck the mortal blow.

That

That *Mutton-fist*, like Bolt of Thunder,
 Poor Lover fell'd *as flat's a Flounder*.
 Under a *Willow* I complain,
 And grunt, and cry, and roar in vain;
 And, as mad Lovers use to do,
 Pick straws, and——what a F—— care you?
 From side to side I loll about,
 Idle, ungainly, lazy Lout,
 That was, e're you I saw, in sooth,
 (Altho' I say't) a *dapper Youth*.
 Here every hour with dreary Frown,
 I lay my Head on Elbow down:
 Help, or this Love will quite undo me!
 Heark how it runs clean thro' and thro' me!
 The sighs which up and downwards go,
 That I am near the *Rattles*, show:
 Think not that I false grief pretend!
 Alas, I weep at *either end*!

My sweet *Sweet-heart*, how is't you are
 So foolish? sure you be'n't so fair.
 O be'n't so hard! what e're you grow,
 The Baker sure ne'r made you so.
 My Heart, not only with your stroke,
 But my few Teeth will all be broke.
 Melt then to cure my horrid *Drowth*;
 O melt, altho' 'tis in my *Mouth*,
 Which waters at you; for 'tis true,
 Nothing can quench my thirst but you.

Now my cold Fit is more severe,
 I shall kick up with meer Despair.

These

These nipping Mornings pinch, and you,
To mend the matter, freeze me too.

Dear Girl, for once, at my desire,
Prethee, from Ice be turn'd to Fire.

(What e're my Readers Judgment be,
I'm sure I here mean honestly,
Such a kind, harmless, lambent Flame,
As from *Ascanius* Temples came.)

O warm my Soul, for *Cupid's* cold-Iron-
(Dart,
And your more frosty frowns have kibe'd
(my Heart.

NOTES.

* [The Nose of *Zara's Dowzabel.*]

Vid.---The famous and renowned History of
Don Zaradel Fogo;---the Lady of whose best
Affections, (a piece of purtenance as necessary to
a Knight Errant, as Mambrino's Helmet, or
the Parallel of this Lady [*Dulcinea de'l Fobo-*
so] to Don Quixot) whose Damsel that had
wofully besmitten the gentle Knight, was, after
all the Parentheses, Yclept--Dowzabella,---
Of whom the Poet thus,

"--Whose gallant gray Eyes, like Stars in
" Denoted, &c. (the Skies,

[Bake't on thy n'own dear Granin's Wemm.]

--A Scotch Oven.--A Traveller eating some
Cake

Cake on the Road in Scotland, complain'd it
not well bak'd: 'Twas reply'd, that was im-
possible; for 't had been all night baking upon
Hostess's marble Kerm.

* — [Thy goggling Egg-like Eyes
Like those in Mahomet's Paradise]

Among the other pleasures in the Heaven
his own building, Mahomet's Aleoran prom-
ises the Mussal-man Bed-fellows with Eyes
as big as Eggs; esteemed as great a piece of beau-
ty, it seems, by the Asiatick's, as great Lips
most of the Africans.

* [A Mouth which should with Mopsa's vye
Altho' Pamela's self stood by.]

See the Description of charming Mopsa,
an ingenious drolling Poem at the End of Sir
Philip Sidney.

* [Lips which like Paris Casements shew,
When opening with a Guarda-vou z!]

Such as walk late at Paris, and when the
Windows open with that sound, avoid not in time
will soon, by their bounteous benevolence, find
out the meaning of the Allusion here.

* [Not Western Civet half so sweet.]

Paracelsus is reported, (with a great deal
of washing you may think) to have reduced
ni better nor worse than a Sir — and please ye
into an excellent Perfume — Balsamum Apo-
plecticum, but Assa-fœtida is, — and after
wards christen'd is by the scholar name of Zi-
betum Occidentale.

* What

[When Atoms were in Altitude.]

Willis in his Book de Fermentatione, gives that account of Putrefaction of Bodies; He says, the blood, &c. ferments, and the Particles are highly agitated, — (and a great deal more, which, if you ha'n't enough for your money, you shall have in the next Edition.)

On the Bear-fac'd Lady.

TOO charming Maid, whose Vixenomy di-
(vine
Shoots Darts around like any Porcupine!
Who give to Cupid's Arrows new supplies,
Heading 'em from your Face, and not your
(Eyes,
Like Cleavland's Lover, Pallizado'd in,
And fenc'd by the sharp Turn-pikes of your
(Chin.

Happy the Man to whom you must disclose
The flaming Beauties of your Rain-bow Nose!
What tho' in vain t' approach your Lips he
(seek?
He may with leave come near, and kiss your
(Cheek;
If, as when Turks expect they should be heard
At Prayer, you will but turn aside your beard.

All

All this were true, tho' *Art* should you di

(grac

And shew *her own*, instead of *Nature's Face*.
But you discreetly choose the *Russian way*,
And closely *veil* it till the *Wedding-day*;
Not *Stega-like*, by too sincere a carriage,
Your *Imperfections* shew, and *mar* your *Man*

(riag

You are resolv'd that *Faith* and *Stomach* to
Shall *meet* in him who must be *blest* with you
And by so just a *Touch-stone* mean to prove
The *Mettal* of his *Courage* and his *Love*:

Nay, *Joan*, her self, whom he'll ith dar

(embrace

When the *Light* comes, may have my *La*

(dy's Face

He has his *Chance*, it may be good enough
For all *Love's* but a *Game* at *Blind-mans*

(butt

He who to meet a *Devil* does prepare,
Like *Spencer's Knight*, may find an *Angel*
(there.

Missing a *Snake*, he may at last prevail
To hold a fat, tho' slipry *Eel* by th' *Tail*.

When *Psyche* thro' the *Air* to *Cupid* rode,
She fear'd a *Dragon*, but she found a *God*.

Suppose the worst, a *Rival's* spight has sed
Here's *Spouse* enough, tho' she had ne're a

(Heal

A just proportion every where behold,
 And Gold, the Cream o'th' Jest, remember
 Gold; Gold! Gold! those subtle Charms must needs
 (prevail;
 Gold! Gold! enow, had she nor Head, nor
 (Tail.
 Sure this must even the flintyest Heart subdue;
 Those Chains, those Pearls, those Lockets,
 (all for you!
 What if no Cubbs bless the ill-natur'd Joys?
 Look, she's already stock'd with yellow Boys;
 And she
 May live like *Etheldreda*, undefil'd,
 While you
 Lye with her Coin, and get her Bags with
 (Child.

NOTES.

This Story, and the Lady's Picture--appertaining thereunto,---are notorious enough about London, without Explication of the Subject in general.

* [Shoots Darts around like any Porcupine.]
 She's pictur'd with a Bear's-head, and consequently, her face all hairy.

C

b [Like

[Like *Cleavland's Lover*, pallizado'd in.]
Alluding to that in Cleavland's Souldier;

"[O let the Turn-pikes of my Chin

"Take thy *Half-moon Fortrefs* in.

[If, as when *Turks* expect they should be
(heard

At *Prayer*, you will but turn aside the beard

A late *Traveller*, and ingenious *Observer* at

Constantinople, in the *Relation* he gives of their

Customs in *Devotion*, has this among the rest:

That when in the highest fit of *Zeal*, and *Top*

of their *Service*, for an *Amen*, they are to ma-

nage their *Beards*, or else the work is left un-

compleat.

[But you discreetly choose the *Russian way*

And closely veil it till the *Wedding-day*.]

In the *Description* of *Russia*, among *Struys*'

Voyages, he describes this for one humour religi-

ously observed in all their *Marriages*; — They

never see one another till made fast.

[Not *Stega-like*, &c.]

This old *Lady*, in the *Play*, out of sincerity

used to let her *Courters* see all her *Imperfections*

as her *No-Teeth*, *No-Eyes*, *One-Leg*; and

frighted 'em all away.

[He who to meet a *Devil*, &c.]

Like *Spencer's Knight*, &c.

See *Spencer's Fairy Queen*; In one of the

first *Cantos* — instead of an old *Witch*, the *Knight*

found a brisk young *Lady*.

[*Who*

[When *Psyche*, &c.

She fear'd a *Dragon*, &c.

Psyche was required by the Oracle to be expos'd to a *Dragon*, as *Andromeda* to the *Whale*—
When in pops *Cupid*, like *Perseus* himself, sets her at liberty, carrys her home, and all that—

[She—may live, like *Etheldreda*, undefil'd,
Vid. Fuller's *Church-History*, p. 91. This *Etheldreda*, would you think it, was married to a Prince, and a King, and yet, by her own desire, liv'd still as pure a *Virgin* as ever—
her Mother was when she was born.

An *Anacreontique* on a Pair of

BREECHES.

Gently flow, my ease Strain,
Smoother than *Tempe's* Heavenly Plain,
Smoother than e're *Anacreon* sung,
Anacreon sweet with silver Tongue,
When he by fair *Bacchus* lay,
Melting his *Offer* away,
No rough harsh Sounds to gag the Voice,
Nor hoarse *Pindaric's* grumbling Noise,
Soft as the amorous *Turtles* call,
Smooth as the whispering *Waters* fall;

Smooth as thred-bare *Breeches* be,
Soft as the *Fustian* round my Knee.

Where shall I my work begin,
And stick the *Muse's Needle* in?

The *Muses*, which if *Fame* says true,
Were *Sempstresses* and *Tailors* too:

Where shall I use my artful Hand;
At the Knee, or at the Band?

Fruitless labour, fruitless pain!

All my skill and time's in vain:

Never will my Trouble end,

I eternally must mend;

For one hole starts out two more,

Hydra-like, or three, or four;

Patch on patch are new lay'd on,

Till th' old, like *Jason's Ship*, are gone.

Match't full lawfully they've bin,

For sure none were too near a kin.

From how many a narrow Hem

Has my Botcher *cabbag'd* them?

Spoils of Nations far and nigh,

Meer *Babel* of good Husbandry!

Not the *Jay* could Feathers boast

From so many a different Coast.

But since Friends at last must part,

Adieu, adieu, with all my Heart;

Ill, as Friends to Poets use,

Give y' a good Name, and turn you loose,

Take your chance, your Fortune try,

Pray beg or starve, as well as I;

Trou

Trouble me with your Raggs no more,
Here's your Pass, and out of Door.

Ever honest, ever true,
You've stuck as fast as Shirt can do;
Which soon, if you no longer stay,
Will drop loose, and run away.
Long did your *lean Pockets* stare,
Like *Camelions*, fill'd with Air;
And what ever place were torn,
They be sure were ner o'reworn.
Generous *Six-pence* born with Pain,
Have often made 'em gape in vain;
Now they'l save that dreadful Charge,
They can far cheaper starve at large:

Take this Groat, and do not prate;
Take the half of my Estate:
Scamper now as well as I,
To the barren *Indys* fly,
And see if e're a Slave that's there,
Is Master of a lighter Pair.
Never fear where e're you go,
You're sure ne're to fall more low,
Till your selves with Earth you trust;
Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust.

NOTES

[When he by fair *Bathillus* lay.]

See Mr. Creech's admirable Translation of
Horace;

Horace; Epod. 14.

"Thus soft *Anacreon* for *Barbyllus* burn'd,

"And oft his Love he sadly mourn'd.

"[Patch on, Patch are still laid on,
Till the old like *Jason's Ship* are gone.]

The Story of *Jason's Ship* is almost as much worn, as its Subject; which was so often mended, and vampt up again, till not one plank of the Original-primitive Wood was left; tho' neither did that suffer so many Transmutations as the old Gentlemans Knife that had had five new basfs, and seven new blades.

A Tobacco Pipe.

IN these raw mornings, when I'me freezing
(ripe,

What can compare with a Tobacco-pipe?

Prim'd, Cock't, and Toucht 'twould better

(heat a man,
Than ten *Barb Raggets*, or *Scotch-warming*

(Pain:

Let others vamp their founder'd Strength and

(Age,

With Porringers of double brew'd Pottage!

And those who thus to charge themselves are

(loath,

Break-fast upon a Quart of Barley-browth!

Fire-

Fire-balls of *liquid flame*; Death in each drop
 Let others guzzle at a Brandy-shop;
 Till all their *moysture*, all their *Treasure* spent,
 They stand, scorcht *Scheletons*, their own sad
 (*Monument*!

Where each of these accustom'd *Cordials* fails,
 Let others Bite, and others blow their Nails!
 I have an *Universal Medicine* chose,
 Which warms, at once, my *Gutts*, and *Hands*,
 (and *Nose*.

^b Which like the noble *Coco-Tree*, is good
 For Physick, or for Rayment, or for Food:

^c All you *experimental* men of *Thought*,
 Who ever *Whirligigs* to *Gresham* brought;
 Which *London* with *implicit Knowledge* sees,

^d Made up of *I's*, and *O's*, and *A's*, and *B's*,
 Show me one *Engine* which your *Stores* enshrine,
 That shall *Pit*, *Box*, and *Gallery* with mine?

When your rackt *Brains* to birth some *Embryo*
 (bring,

That's oft for *nothing* Good, but mine for eve-
 (ry *Thing*,

Ungrateful silly man, who makes *divine*

^e Those who at first invented *Corn* and *Wine*!

Nay he's begodded too whose casual *Knocks*,

^f On the *Anvil*, first found out a *Tinderbox*.

Ungrateful Man! whose memory slips that
 (Name,

From whom *Tobacco pipes* *Invention* came!

But his more bulky worth's too big for fame.)

Whose *Trump* would crack with that vast
 (work alone,
 Nor any *Pipe* can sound his praise besides his
 (own.

His Brother-*Glyster-pipe*, that do's ascend,
 And almost meet half-way at t'other end;
 (New method for *Impaling!*) ne're could do,
 That good of *one side*, which this can of *Two*:
 My *Ambodexter* either way will go,
 Now *Struts* above, now humbly *creeps* below;
Above its Virtues, ne're admitted strife,
Below 'tis said that once it sav'd a *Life*.

For, when *One* in that *speaking Trumpet* spoke,
 He *laugh'd* so long till his *Imposthume* broke:
 Up to its proper place we'll now return't,
 (But wipe it first, or if you please, let's *burn't!*)
 For the *Tooth-ake* 'tis a specifick aid,

^e For every *Amorous Boy*, or *Lovefick Maid*:
 An hundred *Med'cins* us'd and us'd in vain,
 By each *Old Woman* taught to' assuage the
 (pain;

By each *Old Woman*, who their *Vertues* try'd,
Forty' year ago, when her third *Husband* dy'd;
 Apply the *Pipe!* this *Instrument* will cure,

^b The *Surgeons Fire*, or *Pincers* scarce so sure,
 Tho' they the most *effectual* Method take;
Cut off the Head, I'll warn't no more 'twill *Ach*,

This

This gently heals, while Chryſtal Streams
 (diſtill,
 As from the Mother-Rock ſome plenteous Rill,
 (Tho' not, like that, enough to drive a Mill.)
 Thence Chryſtal Streams with gentle murmurs
 (flow,
 Where little Nymphs may play, for ought we
 (know,
 Fine Tod-pole Nymphs ſoon rotten and ſoon
 (ripe,
 With ſprigging Tails like Sire Tobacco-pipe;
 Like thoſe which Virtuſo Glaſſes ſpy,
 A thouſand times leſs than a luſty Lowſes eye:
 Sometimes another way to work 'twill go,
 Up ſpouts a Deluge from the Abyſſ below;
 This Phyſick is more ſafe, (tho' not ſo fine,)
 Than Bumpers, crown'd too oft with ſpright-
 (ly Wine:
 A Glaſs is not a better cure than that,
 For Care, or Toothach, both of which would
 (kill a Cat;
 But if we ſad experience credit may,
 The Pipe's o'th' Two by far the ſurer way.
 No Brawls, nor Wounds, nor Bangs, nor
 (Scars appear,
 With ſuch as will diſcreetly frolick here:
 But Wine, confounded Wine one can't miſcall,
 Wine on a Poets word, 's the Deel and all;
 That Fiend, when conjured up, I tell you true,
 Even with Tobacco-pipes can murders do.

Wine, that mad Bully, for a painted Drab,
With these blunt swords e're now has giv'n a

When such as use my Pipe but wisely will,
Employ its Aid to cure and not to kill,

Not Bezoar stone, nor that miraculous Horn,
Which decks the strange Invisible Unicorn:

Can deadly Poysons subtle streams, as well,
As my Tobacco-pipe, when charg'd expell.

The long-liv'd Harts medicamental Breath,
Gives himself Aid, and the blew Viper Death;

So, if this Sov'raign Antidote you try,
On Spiders, streight they swell and burst, and

To what e're luckless Pest the Plague advance,
Twill chase it thence, like Tires of Ordnance.

Tho' all around with bloomy Deaths beset,
Here is the never failing Amulet;

Tho' in the Cant with bloated Corps you

Like the blind Piper, you might rise, and

Hence't but with this Tobacco-pipe, — — — — —
And when long hence you bless the welcome

Then, when the Pipe is out, your Glass is

The Pipe, the immortal pipe if us'd before,
To after-Years transmits your Glory's ore;

For

For that can best (as you may quickly prove
Settle the Wit, as *Pudding settles Love.*

It will fix your Judgment, render grave and
(sage,

And make the *Reason* overtake the *Age*:

For this his wondring *Servants* us'd to lay,

^P Before a *Lord* full thirty Pipes a Day;

With this was *Herebord* acquainted; when
He smoakt, and writ, and spit, and smoakt
(again.

Poets the *Glass* with *Fancy* do's inspire,

The Pipe mounts our *Philosopher* far higher;

And moulds him *Syllogisms*, tough, and strong,

And polishes his Labours all along.

Demosthenes his works o'th' *Lamp* did smell,

His o'th' *Tobacco-pipe*, and that's as well;

And least he should be idle forc'd to stand,

When for a prop, it askt his *Helping hand*;

Like such a Scholar, he, with wondrous skill,

^q Did a fine Hole thro' greasy *Beavor* drill;

And when the *Ingenious Mechanism* was done,

Upon that *Rest* in quiet plants his *Gun*.

Sure when *Prometheus* climb'd above the

(*Poets*,

Sliely to learn their art of making *Souls*;

When of his *Fire* he fretting *Jove* did wipe,

He stole it thence in a *Tobacco-pipe*:

Which predispos'd to live, as down he ran;

By the *Souls Plastic* power from *Clay* was

(turn'd to Man,

And

And what, even now will make it seem more

(like,
'Some sparks remain in't still, if you'l but

(strike:
This had, ith' dark the smoaking Drunkard

(known,
That he'd so much about him of his own;

He never would for the cold Glow-worm
(grope,

'Puffing his Pipe in vain with Fire I hope!

Not only with dull usefulness content,
This Engine too is fit for Ornament:

When wooing Cockny's Locks will curl no
(more

Than his Good natur'd Fathers horns before;

When Christmas's Box with little Wool is big,

And Barber will not trust him for a Wig:

When all means fail, what think ye in the
(end,

But the Tobacco-pipe must prove his Friend?

On this, till Half-asleep, with pains, and

(care,

Ten-times as long as at his yawning prayer,

In dainty Frizz he twists his frightened Hair.

Hair, which would make Aleto's Vipers start,

With whose sure Ropes he'l noose his n'own

(sweet-heart:

Whether she rolls to Hampton in a Boat,

With gaudy-yellow-Tabby-Petticoat;

Or mounting the *Exchange*, the bridles in
The dainty *Dewlaps* of her portly *Chin*;
Still youngers charming, dangling Locks

(inspire,

Like any Squibb, whole streams of amorous

(fire;

And the warm wamblings of unnam'd De-

(fire.

Peaceful Tobacco-pipes none ought to scorn,
Which can defend, and not alone adorn;
When unprovok'd 'tis true, they're soft, and

(tame,

And only big with calm, with *Lambent Flame*:

So does the Jolly *Cannons* cheerly roar,

On bright *high-days* salute the cluster'd Shore;

But in stearn war spews loads of deadly flame,

As much a *Lyon* now, as once a *Lamb*.

So these when with no other weapons sped,

Have many serv'd instead of murthering *Lead*;

'Twill either lead, or drive, and makes with

(ease,

Either a *Mould*, or *Bullet*, which you please.

When *Hercules* at old *Evanders* house,

Reform'd from cutting *Throats*, to keeping

(Cows;

'*Cacus* thought it not fair one should have all,

And kindly dragg'd some of his *Heard* to Stall:

The *Heroe* swears to find his *Victuals* stole;

And tracks at last, the subtle *Fox* to *Hole*:

" Whose charg'd Tobacco-pipe as soon as comes,
Smoaks even his *Hunter* out of house and
(home;

This was his *Sword*, and this was his defence,
Frighting poor *Hang-dog*, Club and all from
(thence:

* Heroick pipe! worthy both *Pipes and Labours*!
Thou'rt *Cock of Hercules* and all his Labours.

And now to relish a long *Winters Tale*,
O for a Nut-brown Cup of *Christmas Ale*!
But *all the craft's* in getting it; 'tis froze,
And drops scarce half so fast as *Moyster Nose*:
The *Pipe to Pot* was ever kind and true,
And that or nothing must the business do;
Heat it *Red hot* and change it for a *Tap*,

* Twill quickly thro' the *Chrystall* force a Gap.
Now bring the Boles, drink *in your own defence*!
For now a new born River bubbles thence;
This ever has the safest Course been found,
To giv't a *Glyster*, when the Hogs-heads bound.

Let stiff *Don-Diego* load the lowlie Brush,
That *bedges* in his mouth with snotty *Snush*:
In vain he the far nobler smoaker mocks,
And in one *Knick-knack* wears both *Pipe* and
(*Box*,

New fangled *London* thus perhaps may do,
And like old *Misses*, leave old *Friends* for new:
The *West* is the *Tobacco-pipes* chief Throne,
He there like *Saxon Monarchs* reigns alone:.

Wild-*Irish-Brars*, as soon as Breath they draw,
Are dōs'd with a kind Cup of *Ufquebagh*.
Discretion bids us learn where e're we can,
Since wiser *Brunes* have often tutor'd *Man*;
Thus *Western* Children, tho' not quite so
(ripe,
As theirs, are mean'd on a *Tobacco-pipe*;
This does the *Snaking Bottles* place supply,
'Tis *Pap-Mean* when they're hungry, drink
(when dry;
When hot this cools, this warms when they're
(a-cold;
A perfect *Kalmacho* for Young, and Old;
The *Child* with ne're a *Tooth*, and the *Old*
(Crone,
Whose two black *Stumps* check such as say she
(has none:
Who, crept thro' fourscore year, with care,
(and pain,
Has made a shift to grow a *Child* again.

The *Miner* there, with an *Implicite Faith*,
Crediting what his *Upper-neighbour* saith;
Who seldom taking pains to Look abroad,
Believes a *Sun* as he believes a *God*:
For the Companion of his Hopes and Fears,
Takes a *Tobacco-pipe*, well struck in years;
Old as himself, lam'd by some *Hurler's* rage,
Short, and decrepid grown with nameless age,
Still like some *Sea-worn Cliff*, it lesser grows,
Just matcht at last to his *Commodious Nose*:

With

With this, nor was sweet *Orpheus* arm'd a

With *Harp*, with this he suks almost to *Hell*.

By some strange chance, from an old plun-
(der'd Vein,

'Like *Tyrian Pick-axe*, brought to *Light* again:

See where 'tis fall'n among a Ring of *Boys*,

Who from it blow thin worlds of gaudy Joys.

Fine, soon-ripe *Bubbles*, Alamode, and Gay,

Dress't in the Glory's of the blooming Day:

Bright as *Court-Madam*, tho' they hardly be,

Perhaps as tender, or as frail as she;

Created both by *Breath*, both upwards born,

Proud in the *Beautys* of the Rainbow Morn:

And thus, when sailing thro' the heavier Skys,

By *Breath* 'twas made and liv'd, by *Breath* it

(dyes;

And that same *Blast* on which it self it rears,

Dashes the airy *Jewell* into *Tears*.

A Wondrous turn! my pipe at last (You see!)

Is *Pulpit* grown, and preaches *Vanity*;

'Tis sign he's sick——Rogues at the fatal day,

Thus *curse* use to' unlearn, and learn to pray:

Then from some careless *Boys's* loose hand he

And tumbles down, and *Breaks his Neck*, and

(dyes.

NOTES

NOTES.

[Than ten *Bath Faggots*, or *Scotch-warming*
(Pan.)

The *Bath Faggots* are so notorious for their exceeding Littleness, that two of 'em were carry'd hence in a *Gentlemans Portmanteau* as far as *Cornwall* for a *Rarity*, one of which, to this Day (or very lately) hangs up there for a Sign. [*Scotch-warming-pan*] is the *Hostesses* brown Daughter.

[Like the *Coco-Tree*, is good, —

For *Phyick*, or for *Rayment*, or for *Food*.]

See the *Divine Herberts Poem* on *Providence*. “ [The *Indian Nut* alone — Is *Meat*, *Drink*, *Cordage*, *Sayling*, all in one.]

[All you *experimental men* of *Thought*.]

Sowse! comes the *Critick* with a *Dilemma* at top of this poor *Verse*; if [*Experimental*] quoth he; how [*Men of Thought*]? Why to give a civil Answer to a civil Question — The *Experiments* must be thought on, and scolded, and quarrell'd for too, both before and after they are made.

[Made up of *I's*, and *O's*, and *A's*, and *B's*.]

Letters often put for *References* in *Engins*, from the *Picture* to the *Explanation*, — and here, *Mr. Reader*, take notice, were I in my *Sobers Sences*, writing *Reasonable prose*, I should,

not

not be so saucy to reflect on those great, worthy
Persons; But 'twill here I hope be taken only for
a little Spice of Furor Poeticus.

* [Those who at first invented Corn, and Wine,
Ceres, and Bacchus worship'd in most places
of the Pagan World.

* [Whose casual Knocks, —
On the Anvile, first found out a Tinderbox.
Vulcan, who being the god both of Fire, and
all Iron-work, 'tis to be suppos'd invented this
necessary piece of Household-stuff; at least there's
as good Record for his making this as Æneas's Ar-
mour.

* [For every Amorous Boy, or Love-sick
(Maid.)
Among other new Discoveries in Philosophy,
this is universally now receiv'd — That Love
is the cause of Tooth-ach.

* [The Surgeons Fire, or Pincers scarce so
(sure.)
For the Toothach, (besides the present Re-
medy sold under the Exchange) some burn a
Vein in the Ear — and if that fails — One
with't!

* [Where little Nymphs may play for ought
(we know. —)
Like those which Vertuoso Glasses spy,
A thousand times less than a lusty Lowses eye.]

This is not to be understood, without stepping in
to the new World of Microscopes: where among
the

the rest, One Mr. (what's his hard name?) Lew-
ly from hoec, a Dutchman, discovered in Rain-water
animalentes consisting of six Globubs, two horns,
and a tapering Tayl; one of 'em, a thousand
times less than the eye of a Fat Louse: vid.
Transactions of Royal Society. — Vol. ele-
venth, p. 821.

[The long-liv'd Hart's medicamentall
(Breath.]

Natural Historians report of the Hart, that
by the force of its Breath, Serpents are ferretted
out of their holes, on which it feeds for Physick:
vid. Guillems Heraldry.

['Twill chase it thence, like Tires of Or-
(dinance.]

At a certain City, either in Germany, or
France (Tournay or Towres I think 'twas)
when the Plague was begun, by the command of
the Magistrate all the Guns on the Walls were se-
veral times discharg'd together, which purified
the Air, and remov'd the Sicknes.

[Tho' all around with bloomy Deaths beset.]

I have heard of one, in the great Plague at
London — 65. That going over a pit where
many of the Dead were heap'd in, perceiv'd a bloo-
my smell so arise thence, faint, like that of White
Roses — He went home, told the story, made
nothing of 't, but in a day or two sicken'd and dy'd
of the same disease.

• [Like

° [Like the *Blind-piper*, you might rise
(play

His story is known to most, sure, that
London: Lying dead drunk he was thrown up
a Cart of the dead, in the Plague-time; &
he woke he fell a playing, just as he was tumbled
into Pit-hole, and so scape't.

^P [Before a Lord, full thirty Pipes a day.
A London Lord, who every Morning made
his People fill him thirty Pipes, and lay 'em
service in his Study.

^q [Did a fine Hole thro' greasly Beaver drill
The famous Herebord is reported to be a great
Friend to the Tobacco-pipe: but wanting his Hole
to turn the Leaves, invented a way to rest his
Pipe thro' a Hole in the Brim of his Hat.

^r [Some Sparks remain in't still, if you but
(strike

A Tobacco-pipe strikes fire on a Cane — But
that's not all — In the Translation of the Academy
del Cimento, p. 159. Tobacco-pipes,
broken in the Night emit sparkles like a Flint.

^s [Puffing his Pipe in vain with — Fire I hope.

A drunken fellow riding home by night with
Pipe in's Mouth, at last spy'd a Glowworm on the
ground, and when his Pipe was out, alights, and
holds it to the Glow-worm to light it.

[In dainty Friz he hoists his frightened Hair,
—— *Experto crede Roberto?*

Cacus thought it not fair one should have
(all:]

See Virg. *Aeneads*. Hercules turn'd Grazi-
and fed his Cows near Cacus his Den, who
ragg'd some of 'em backwards into his Hole:

— Hercules, as an honest man should, very
careful of his Cattle, makes a Shift to track him,
with the help of the Calves. What do me Cacus
as you'll find next note.

[With charg'd Tobacco-pipe, as soon as
(come.]

This is the most probable conjecture to be made
of Cacus his defence — 'tis plain he smok't
Hercules away — 'Tis very likely 'twas with
a pipe of of Tobacco. See Virgil else.

Faucibus ingentem fumum mirabile dictu,
Evomit, involvitque domum caligine cæca,
Prospectum eripiens oculis. —

A very Periphrasis for Tobacco.

[— Pipe worthy both Pipes and Tabours.]

Cry ye mercy for the Pun! but I could'n for
my Heart get e're another Ryme.

[Thus Western Children, &c.

Are Wean'd on a Tobacco-pipe.]

'Tis common in some parts of the West, for
Children, no higher than their Lace-peels, to sit
Working and Smoaking.

[A perfect Kolmacho for Young and Old.]

Kolmacho is an hard word — (In English
(all heal) given to a new invented Cordial.

[Credit-

* [Crediting what his Upper Neighbours saith
 'Tis the Custom among the Spaniards,
 their Slaves to continue ever in the Mines. Every
 body knows not to the contrary of the Corn
 Miners — such as do, I'd entreat 'em to be
 their peace and not spoil a fancy.

* [Lam'd by some Hurlers rage,]
 Source ever an Hurling but some or more
 lamed or kill'd — (Ware Critick here!)

* [Like Tyrian Pick-axe, brought to Light
 (again

Here's a fair opportunity to show ones Learning
 and read half an hour on Barat-anack, and C
 iterides, but I shall only tell such as don't know
 better than my self, that the Tyrians came but
 for Tin, and some of their Brazen Instruments
 have been found in Old Mines.

On a COW's TAIL

THou who didst round *Cecropian* Pastures
 (rove,
 Turn'd Bull, an *horny* and an *hairy* Jove!
 Tho' sure that shape had better serv'd than
 (now,
 When beauteous *Io* was transform'd to Cow)
 Who a meer *Brute* did'st of meer *Thunder*
 (make,
 A four-leg'd *Lover* for *Europa's* sake;
 And when thy purchase was from shore con-
 (veigh'd,
 (The shining *Cargo* of a *Royal* Maid)
 Did'st to a *Rudder* turn thy well-hung *Tail*,
 Whil'st her loose flowing *Garments* serv'd
 (for *Sail*:
 Pilot my tottering *Bark* with *Aid* *Divine*,
 Vent'ring thro' *Seas* far more unknown than
 (thine!
 Help me in my *Cow's* *Tail*, the rest shall be
 Part of a grateful *Hecatombe* to Thee.
 The *Tail* full oft above the *Head* prevails,
 And *Heaven* and *Earth* resound the *Praise* of
 (Tails.

See where in *Heaven* the *Dog's* bright *Tail*
(does shine)

A *Cynosure* not half so long as *mine*:

On *Earth* walk where you will, in even
(place)

One *Taylor* or other flaps you o're the *Face*.

The *Kingly Lyon* whirls his *Sceptral Train*,

Roaring at the encountring *Gnat* in vain;

The *Victor Gnat* in the next *Fight* does fall

And drops beneath the *Cow's* all-conquering

(*Tail*)

That *Tail* which kills whate'r it's force with

stands

As sure's a *Club*,---in *Hercules's* hand's.

When the *mad Dog-star* scatters *sultry Beams*

And drives the *tossing Herd* to shades and

(*Streams*)

Armies of Flies, of different *Notes* and *Wings*

Goad'em all ore with their vexatious stings

Vainly does now the *bare-dock's Horse* con-

(*plain*)

And wish for his *dismember'd Tail* again;

Who of his *Freedom* us'd before to boast,

Then gain'd, when such a *Burden* he had lost

(So the fly *Fox*, who of his *Tail* could make

Hook, *Net* and *Line*, at every *Brook* and

(*Lake*)

And when too faint he the hot *Hunter* flies

With *pissen Tail* strike out the *Terrior's Eyes*

When

When not so well he from the *Trap* had fled,
But with his *Tail* compounded for his *Head*;
To scape his salt *Companions* Mockery,
He'd have 'em *tail-less* all as well as he.)

But now the *Cow* with brandish'd *Tail* falls
(on,

Proclaiming open War with *Accaron*;
Millions of *Insect-Warriors* at her fly,
Millions of *Insect-Warriors* murmuring dye.

So falls a murdering *Chain-shot* whizzing
(round,

(Amazing, like less dreadful *Thunder's* sound)
When thro' a Troop of *Iron Horsemen* born,
Beneath the Reaper's *Hook* so drops the *Corn*.

So when the scaly Lord of fruitful *Nile*,
The dreadful Spear-contemning *Crocodile*,
Is by his trembling *Enemies* beset,

Trusting in vain a feeble Dart or Net;
With his *Tail's* Whisk he long-long Ranks
(o'rethrows,

And stalks in *Triumph* o're his prostrate Foes.
The *Turks* when they'll their *Enemies* as-

(sail,
For a red Flag hang out an *Horse's* Tail:

Unjustly done, when it must be confess'd
From this, the *Cow's* the far more valiant
(Beast.

But if from cloudy Wars we start away
To downy Pleasure's happy *Sun-shine* day,

There the *Cow's* Tail does other *Tails* surpass
As far as the brisk *Horse* the lazy *Ass*.

This the sage *Priests* of mighty *Apis* knew,
What e'r the rude unthinking *Vulgar* do.

Apis is gone; heark the lamenting Crowd
Raving about, bellow his loss aloud:

Apis is gone, nor can their Tears prevail;
Yet they'd not care, had he but left his Tail.

Priests, Prince and People search the Stalls
(around

Until the happy, happy Tail is found,
Whilst every trembling Son of Nile prepares

T'adore the sacred Tail with two white Hairs.

Nor less should the *Indian* this blest Relique
(prize

Without whose kind support he sinks and
(dies

Where *Orellana's* Sea-like Waters lave

The steepy Banks with a resounding Wave,

Or *De-la-plara's* headlong Flood-gates roar,

Rolling fresh *Oceans* down each mouldring
(Shore;

Where no proud Bridge dares the wild Ri-
(ver ride

At a *Cow's* Tail the *Indian* stems the Tide;

Ferry'd without expence of Coin or Breath,

Safe, tho' but a hairs length twixt him and
(Death:

Safer than *Damocles*, when at the Board

A single Hair sustain'd the shining Sword.

Ladys by the soft *Magic* of their Eyes,
 Like *Angels*, wafting thro' the scattering
 (Skys,
 Weak prostrate Mortals dazle and sur-
 (prize.
 From Head to Foot, their Charms, their
 (Port and State,
 A *Cow's Tail* to the life does imitate.
 Have you e're seen a *Nymph* at some bright
 (Hall,
 In a Triumphant Masquerade or Ball,
 Move soft and smooth like Gales of *Western*
 (Wind,
 Whilst her loose flowing *Train* sweeps far
 (behind;
 Even so, believ't, the *Cow's Tail* dangles
 (down,
 Like supernumerary piece of Gown:-
 The *Ancients* or *Historians* Lies have told,
 Pure *Carrots* call'd pure Threds of beaten
 (Gold;
 Tho' Goats *Pulvilio's* hardly ranker Smell,
 Nor any wrizzled *Succubus* of Hell:
 But all which to our nicer World appear
 For Marks of Beauty, all concenter here;
 The Tail's Complexion is a lovely *Fair*,
 Shaded around with charming tole-black hair.
 Now, *Tail right Worshippful*! I'll lead thee
 (home,
 As great as conquering *Scipio* entring *Rome*;
 D 2 - Thee

Thee to a place of rest I'll calmly bear,
 Like *Turkey Rams* in a triumphant *Carr*.^a
 For such as faults with my *Cow's Tail* have
 (found
 Here's a fair Rump;—Genteels! you're
 (welcom round
 Hur *Cow* shall now with any *Cow* compare;
 Let any say *hur Cow* is *hurs*, that dare.^c

NOTES.

^a [Turn'd Bull, an *horny* and an *hairy* Jove.]
 See the *Tale* of *Jupiter's* transmuting his
 Divinity into a Bull for the love of *Europa*, at
 every *Post-dawber's* in *Town*!—but rarely de-
 scribed in *Lucian*, in a *Dialogue* between *No-*
tus and *Zephyrus*. Quare, in this case, as was
 said in another of the fighting *Bishop*: If a
 Butcher had here sawcily knock'd down the Bull,
 what had become of the *God-ship*?

^b [When beauteous *Io* was transform'd to
 (Cow.)

Related in the authentic *Chronicle* of *Ovid's*
Metamorphosis.—The Chapter and Verse
 you may find at your leisure.

^c [Part of a grateful *Hecatomb* to thee.]

This—*Hecatomb* is an hard Greek word,
 ush.

usually taken for a Sacrifice of an hundred Oxen.

—But tho' mine be a Cow, every body won't see the Bull in the case.

^a [A Cynosure not half so long as mine.]

The Constellation call'd the little Bear, in Greek is Cynosura, which is in plain English, Dogs-Tail.

^c [Proclaiming open War with Accaron.]

The God of Flyes, — The same with Belzebub in sacred, and Muyoides, and Jupiter Apomuyus in Profane Authors. Vid. Cowley's Annotations on Plagues of Egypt, p. 82.

“ And Accaron, the Aiery Prince, led on
(their various Host.

^f [With his Tail's whisk he long-long Ranks
(o'rethrows,

That Creature is reported to have a prodigious force in his Tail, with which he sweeps down what-e're comes near.

^g [The Turks, 'when they'l their Enemies
(assail,

For a red Flag, hang out an Horse's Tail.]

This is a Custom common with them to the Tartar, and many other of those barbarous Nations. If I misremember not, they deduce this Custom from their great Ottoman, the top of the Oguzian Family.

^h [Apis is gone, nor can their Tears prevail,]

ⁱ [Yet they'd not care, had I e but left his
(Tail.

The Egyptians worshipping an Oxe, is notorious; nay, that was one of their *Di majorum Gentium*; their Saints and little sucking Gods, were Rats, Birds, Cats; and Leeks, Onions. (Welch Deities.) But the manner of Devotion to their Oxe, under the name of Apis, Serapis, Isis, Osiris, — made even that too as extravagant as all the rest. Among other Perquisites necessary for the Election of a new God, which was every year after they had drowned the old; one indispensable was, — Two peculiar Hairs, and no more, on the Tail; — But why no more, nor less, as Dr. Fuller says, the Devil knows. This too explains the Verse following;

[T'adore the sacred Tail with two white
(Hairs.)]

Ovellana, }
and } Two famous Rivers in the Indys.
Delaplata, }

[At a Cow's Tail the Indian stems the
(Tide.)]

Thus Peter Martyr in his Decads. — He says, 'tis common with the Indians to tie a Stick cross-ways at the Tail of a Cow, and seating themselves thereon, drive her into the water; who being used to the sport, swims very faithfully with the Cargo behind. — If any doubt of the truth on't, 'tis but stepping over for a day or two to the Indys, and they may be speedily satisfy'd.

° [Safer

* [Safer than *Damocles*, when at the Board,
A single *Hair* sustain'd the shining Sword.]

Damocles one of *Dyonisius's* Flatterers, admiring the *Tyrant's* felicity, was by his order to taste what 'twas, adorn'd with the Royal Robes, and waited on as a Prince; but for the sharp sauce with his sweet meat, when thus in all his *Grandezza*, at Table, a naked Sword was hung over his Head, ty'd only by a Hair, which soon spoil'd his sport, and made him glad of liberty again.

^P [Pure Carrots call'd pure Threads of beauty
(*en Gold.*)]

Yellow hair was accounted a great piece of Beauty, not only by the old Romans, and that part of the World; but here in England too: Among other Receipts for finifying the face, &c. in an old English Book, there's a way to make the Hair yellow.

^q [Like Turkey Rams in a Triumphant Carr.]

Mr. Sands and others that write of the Eastern Countrys, describe a kind of Sheep there, whose Tails weigh forty pound a piece, and are alway drawn after 'em by a little Cart.

^r [Let any say hur Cow is hurs, that dare.]

Alluding to a Story of a Welch-man who stole a Cow with a cut Tail, and brou'ht it to Market, but artificially sew'd on another Tail; --- The owner sees it at the Market, looks wistly on't, and concludes, if it had not a Tail too much, he darst swear 'twas his own: At this hur Welch Plud

draws her Knife, cuts the Tail off above the place where 'twas sow'd on, throws t'other piece into the River, and bids him now own it if he dar'd.

The Lyar.

FOR *Naked Truth* let others write,
And fairly prove that *Black's* not *white*;
Quarrel and scold, then scratch and bite,
Till they're with Cussing weary :

Give me a *Lye*, trickt neat and gay,
As fine as any *Hedge* in *May*!

Most think so too, altho' they'il say,
Perhaps, the clean contrary.

The *Courtier* first is counted rude,
If he's with *Lying* unendu'd ;
Nay, when he's in his *Altitude*,

He gives it *Oaths* for *Clenching* :
The brisk and young sowre *Truth* despise,
And kick her back to th' Old and Wise ;
Wenching's the Gallant's Life, a *Lye's*
The very *Life* of Wenching.

Room for the Man of *Parchment* next,
Whose *Comments* so confound the *Text*,
And *Truth's High-road* so much perplext,
One scarce can e're get at it ;

With

With his own practice not content,
 He'll either quote, or he'll invent,
 He'll find or make a *President*,
 And gravely lie by *Statute*.
 Next the poor *Scholar* loaden comes
 With packs of *Sentences* and *Summs*,
 Scratches his Head, and bites his Thumbs,
 For Truth is all his vigour;
 Like *Lynceus* self, O who but he
 The *Essences* of things can see;
 When he deceives but *orderly*,
 And lies in *Mood* and *Figure*.
 Who but the *Poet* ought t' appear
 I'th end? who should bring up the *Rear*,
 But he who without *Wit* or *Fear*
 Lays on his Lyes by *Clusters*?
 Never of sneaking *Truth* afraid,
 He'll her with open *Arms* invade,
 And dreadful *Armies* in his Aid
 Of his own *Hero's* musters.
 Well, since on all sides 'tis confest,
 A quiet life must needs be best;
 Who'd think it hard to purchase rest
 By such a small complying?
 Let him that will speak *Truth* for me!
Truth the worst *Incivillitie*!
 I'd rather in the *Fashion* be,
 Since all the *World's* for *Lying*.

NOTES.

^a [Like *Lynceus* self, &c.

This *Mr. Lynceus* was, you must know, a mighty quick-sighted fellow;—He could see thro' Walls, Houses,—and Ships at Sea, at the greatest distance, and——But that's enough already to believe at once.

On a Hat broke at Cudgels;

“And then like greasie *Coraubrok*,

“Pinn'd up behind—no scabby Neck
To shew Sr.—(The Ramble.)

NO silly *Frog*, nor *Moufe*, no *Snake* nor
Gnat,
Hag-rides my *Muse*, 'tis an unlucky Hat,
Whose sudden Rise, and Fall I mean to tell:
O for a Dose of the *Castalian* Well,
The *Tunbridge* of *Olympus*! well may I
My whistle wet, for sure the Subject's dry.
At School of Hat I've made a *Pitcher* trim,
And suck't sweet Water from its greasie brim;
But

But tho' it went to th' Well so oft before,
At last 'tis crack't, alas! and holds no more.

Of all the Coverings which have e're been
(found,

Or black, or blew, or green, or square, or
(round,

Crowns lind with Thorns, (with Reverence
be it sed,)

Beavers with Wigg, a Felt with Logger-head;

High Cap of Maintenance, low Cap of Fool,

High Cardinals Cap, low Cover of Close-stool;

Little or great, broad, narrow, course or
(fine,

Ne're was such an unlucky Hat as mine.

When Mr. Haberdasher was content

For many a supple Gringe and Complement,

To trust me for't at Interest twelve per Cent.

From some good-natur'd Friend, I know not
(who,

I made a shift to wring an Hat-band too.

Now all that see me wondring round me
(stand,

Like Nunckle quite disguiz'd in a clean Band.

As if to N. or M. I backwards came,

They on me stare, and ask me what's my name?

They dream I'm grown pileo donatus, free

From rusty Chains of lowlie Poetry:

But all their kind surmizes were in vain;

Nature held fast, I soon grew Cat again.

ACudgel splits the Brim, new Lights surprize
The sudden Breach, and blind my dazzled

(Eyes;

Then lest the Fissure should a mark be sed
Of Satan's cloven Foot upon a Poet's Head;
Some gentle Lad an't please ye! overkind,
Like Bully-Hec's, buttons it up behind.

Well, he deserv'd each angry Muses Curse,
For this but made the better side the worse.

'Twas tuckt so close, My Honour seem'd
(to be

One of *Quevedo's Knights of th' Industrie.* ^d

Thus had you seen't, you might be bold to
(swear,

Armies of hungry Rats had feasted there.
Since Charity saves him from just Vengeance,

(all

My teen on the unlucky Hat must fall,
Whose Traytorous *Ancestors* by *Kings* com-

(mand,

Were with the *Cardinals* exil'd the Land.

Those golden days, those happy dayes of
(Yore,

When honest Caps the brightest *Courtier*
(wore,

May they come in agen, and quite displace,
With luckier *Omens*, all thy luckless race.

May'st thou, if that be possible, sink down
Below the Scandal of a Poet's Crown,

In Healths tosst up, pawn'd e're the Reck-
 (ning's pay'd,
 Then in the Kennel by thy Master lay'd :
 Then cry'd about with an old Coat or Shoe,
 Be ever travelling, like the wandring Jew !^a
 Nor will I ever call thee back agen,
 Till Poets are made Lords, or Aldermen.

NOTES.

^a [O for a Dose of the Castalian Well !]

In Poetical Jargon this is only a Variation of Helicon ; but the downright meaning is, — a Glass of good Canary.

^b [They dream I'm grown pileo donatus.]

To give the Slave liberty of wearing a Hat, was either a Token or Formality of his Freedom.

^c [Nature held fast, I soon grew Cat again.]

Alluding to the Fable of the Cat turn'd into a Woman, who running even then after Mice, was again returned to the place from whence she came.

^d [One of Quevedo's Knights of th' Industrie.]

In Quevedo's [Buscon,] or a kind of a Spanish Rogue, he has a pleasant description of a Fraternity who honour'd another with the most Noble order of Knights of the Industrie. Among other fancies this was one ; — They but-
 ion'd

ron'd their Hats of one side, only because the Rats had eat away all that Brim.

^c [Werewith the Cardinals exil'd the Land.]

In King Henry eighth's time, either an Order, or an Act was made, that none should presume what ever figure he bare, to wear any Hat, but only woollen Caps then all in use.

^f [Beever Travelling like the Wandring Jew.]

This wandring Jew, (if there be any Truth in Ballads, as I hope none that reads this question) ever since the Death of Christ has been trotting round the World: For fuller satisfaction consult the Penny Chronicle of his Life.

A Covetous old Fellow having taken occasion to hang himself a little; another comes in, in the nick, and cuts him down; but instead of Thanking him for his Life, he accuses him for spoyling the Rope.

YOU Dog! y' ha' spoyl'd my Rope! 'twas
(strong, and tight,
And cost I'm sure a Groat but to'ther Night;
A good substantial Rope to give its Due,
'Twould hold an hundred heavier Rogues
(than You.

I'll swear the Peace! I stood in fear o' my Life;
 He *vi & armis* came; he brought a Knife;
 With which, tho' I for certain cannot know't,
 I doubt the Villain meant to cut my Throat.
 How e're he spoil'd my Goods, the best I had,
 He cut my Rope I'm sure, and that's as bad;
 I'll trounce the Rogue; I'll try from Court to
 (Court,

If there be any Law in England for't:
 Must such an Arbitrary Cur as he,
 Divest one of ones Right, and Property?
 No — if the Judge such tricks as these allows,
 A Man shan't hang himself in his own House:
 And who dreads not such presidents as that?
 Nay, 'tis in vain! I'll ne're referr't, That's flat.
 When sweetly dangling 'twixt the Earth and
 (Sky,

I was rappt up in *Hempen-Extasie*;
 (Which all who view'd my lovely *Snow* might
 know,)
 When all my dreggs of Man were dropt below:
 The envious wretch dragg'd back my Stare-
 (ing Soul,

Just clambring up against the steepy Pole,
 And when with Liberty grown free and Wild,
 Chain'd it to a Corps, (an't please ye!) all de-
 (fil'd,

What Soul alive for both the *Indys* riches,
 Would e're descend to such a pair of Breeches?

Let's

Lets hang *him* up for saving *me*, and then
If e're I cut *him* down, e'ne hang *me* up agen

(a) *On a Supper of a Stinking Ducks.*

Come all you brisk *Lads*, that have ever
(been leen,

At the place that you wot of hight —

(Clerken-well-Green!

^b First of all *Merry Mac*, come and taste our

(good cheer,

For our Hearts will all *vibrate* thy *Lyricks* to

(hear.

One and all run and *Saddle* your *Cane*, or your

(Beast,

And hasten full speed to the bountiful Feast!

In pow'rful *Gambado's*, or finical Boot;

In a thrif-bare old *Cloak*, or a new *Sur le tout*!

Or flaming with *Fringe*, or meek *Kid* on your

(Hand,

With blustering *Cravat*, or reverent *Band*!

Both peaceable *Hazle*, and Kill-devil *Steel*,

Both *Tory-Bamboo*, and *Fanarick-Brazeel*!

• Remember *Batts Axiom*, your *Curtlafs* pre-

(pare!

Whet *Stomachs*, and *Knives*! Here's a *Bill of*

(the *Fare*;

Here's

Here's *Duck* upon *Duck*, for no more you
(must look;

If you'll have any more you must go to the Cook,

I tell you the Truth, and I tell you no lye!

They shine and 'twere *Butter*, or Stars in the
(Sky:

Zich glorry-vatt Ducks but zildom are zean,

* *Whore shon'd they be bore but about Taunton-*
(Dean.

If they stink Mrs. *Muse* your nice Nose you
(may hold!

Disparage 'em not for they're *bought*, and
(they're *sold*;

* Consider as cheap of the *Poulter* they had
('em,

As e're of the *Higler* — (the Servant!) &c.

Here *Dick*, Black-Bess for thy absence should
(frown,

* Look over thy Shoulder, and 'tweak off
(their Down:

But prythee deal *gently*, for 'twould be no
(Wonder,

They're so soft, and so young, if they fall all-
(*asunder*.

'Tis true I confess, if my *Nostrils* can tell,

They send out a kind of a *Civiry* smell:

Yet more then a *Bustard* the Poulter might
(prize one

Like them, for their flavour like *pasty Veni-*
(*zon*.

Some

Some will say they've a whiff like a Worm-
(eaten Bitch,

^g Or a Tartar Ragoo, ready drest in a Ditch:

^h Or a cleanly blue-Pig— but ne're keck honest
(fellow!

For they're whole some enow, tho' a little too
(mellow.

ⁱ They're black, but where Indians do paint
(the De'el White,

That colour be sure's a most heavenly sight:

^k They dropt from the Moon out of Breath,
(and the Thumps

Which they took on the Ground have disco-
(loar'd their Rumps.

^l Cozen John! 't had been better if y' had not
(been so fickle,

But in our Garden-Cellar had laid 'em in pickle:
Tho' the Cook says they're sweet, I'll ven-

(ture engage her,
That the Ducks should ha' stunk with the

(T——'s for a Wager.
Pothecary's Bills have full often half broke us,

^m With chargeable Vomits of Carduus and Cro-
(cus:

When these Ducks from the Bum-gut to Keck-
(horn would draw,

And like a Turn'd—Pudding-bag empty the
(Maw;

O Spirits of Arm-pits, and Effence of Toes!

O Hogo of Ulcers, and Hospital Nose!

O De-

O Devils Dung fragrant, and tarrifi'd feather,
With Snuff, and with Carrion, *Ana*, jumbled
(together!

O Jelly of Toads! *India's* hasty-Pudding!
O Playsters of *Issues* champt down o' the sud-
(den!

With fat blubby *Pease*, that are grimy all
(o're,

Thick *butter'd* with delicate *matter* and *Gore*!
Well! If these you survive, I'll believe 'tis
(no Fable,

° That *Indians* gut Adders, and bring 'em to
(Table:

But after, if your Pest'lent Breath fally on us,
Wee'll get to the Windward, or *Mercy upon us*!

^p Hoyst 'em up with a *Rope* at the Fire! 'tis
(no matter,

Tho' they *drop* in the dripping, and *crawl* in
(the Platter;

So do's the sweet *Phenix* on Frankincense-
(Faggot,

^q Sit roasting her self till she turn to a *Mag-*
(got.

N O T E S.

[On a Supper of Stinking Ducks.]
The story thus—At a Clubb of Younkers, after
a Frost a couple of Wild-Ducks were bought. A
thaw

thaw coming the day after, these having before been frozen hard, fell in, appear'd all black, and stunk most harmoniously — yet, that nothing good might be wasted, the Purchasers dress't 'em, and eat the first pretty nimbly, not staying to taste it; but by that time, Colon being a little pacifi'd, advancing to the second, it drove 'em all off, and was given a decent burial at last in the Boghouse.

* [First of all Merry Mac come taste our good
(cheer!)]

The name of one Gentleman belonging to the Club, old excellent at Lyric verse, which you may learn from the next line.

* [Remember Bats Axiom, &c.]

In the ingenious Dr. Bat upon Bat — 'tis thus —

“It is a Law that holds with Saint, and Sinner,

“That he that has no Knife should have no
(Dinner.

* [Whore shou'd they be bore but about
(Taunton-Dean.]

The Ducks were caught in a decoy-pond in Sommerfet-shire, and that Country having, 'tis probable their Bellys, or Noses full of 'em, were transported to London for Sale.

* [Consider as cheap of the Poulter they had
('em,

Ase're of the Higler — (the Servant,) &c.]

Here is certainly some mistake in the Copy, and something or other is wanting to Rhyme to [Had 'em] which the Reader is desired, (if he can) to correct with his Pen.

[Look

[Look over thy Shoulder, and tweak off
(their Down.]

For had he lookt foreright his Nose had been so
egregiously affronted there could be no enduring it.

[A Tartar Rago, ready dress't in a Ditch.]

A Dead Horse, on which, after 't has been air-
ing in a Ditch for a Fortnight, or a Month, the
Tartars will revel, as if 't were the fattest old Bar-
ren Doe in Christendom.

[Or a cleanly Blew-Pig.]

For satisfaction in that Story consult the Poem
concerning it!

[They're black, but where Negro's do paint
(the De'el White.]

A humour of theirs notorious, of whom the Poet--

"Who, in contempt, will paint the Devil
(White :

Tho' by his leave and mine too, whatever they
think of White Devils, or White Men, 'tis cer-
tain they are old Dogs at White-Women, who,
for some certain Reasons, (such as made Apu-
leius gracious) best known to themselves, are not
behind hand in Loving them, perhaps because their
Complexions differ.

[They dropt from the Moon out of Breath.]

'Tis the opinion of some Learned men, (too
great and grave to be affronted with seeing their
Names here) That Wild-fowl, Storks, Wood-
cocks, &c. fly away at the Winters end to the
Moon, or some Islands in the Air near it ; and
thence

thence at Winter return again. Who knows what may be?

1 [Cozen John, 't had been better, &c. — Garden-Cellar had laid 'em in pickle.]

One of the Company, sometimes known by that Name, was at first for giving 'em their Nunc dimittis into Boghouse.

■ [With chargeable Vomits of Carduus, and (Crocus.)]

I thought I should catch you napping, cries Mr. Critick, (or he may if he will) how long has Carduus-poffet been so wonderful chargeable? Ans.

1. If not chargeable Simpliciter, 'tis Secundum quid — There's a Apothecary's large bill, and Paracelsian Conscience in the Case. Is that Insufficient — why have at another of 'em —

'Tis true in sensu composito, tho' not diviso, as the learned have it — thus tho' one alone be n't dear, both together may. If neither of all this pother will satisfy, why I can easily stop your Mouth with Bays's answer, which if thought on sooner might have saved all this.

“Why 'tis Sir — because Sir — why what's that to you Sir? Rehearfal.

■ [O Jelly of Toads! India's hasty-pudding.]

'Tis their custom to get a great Jar, and among other Ingredients, as Wine, Chamber-pots, Tobacco, Spittle, they clap in three or four good sizeable Toads — this stopp'd up till all is dissolv'd, in their very Nectar, with which they'l be as drunk

as a Prince—a Beggar—a Tinker—a Wheel-bar-
row, or Davids Sow. — 'Tis no Fable, but
credibly related by most that write of 'em—as Ba-
ratti's Travels, Gages Travels, &c.

° [That Indians gut Adders, and bring 'em
(to Table.]

Snakes are a Princely Dish in these Countreys.

° [Hoist 'em up with a Rope at the Fire!]

They were roasted in a String.

° [Sit Roasting her self till she turn to a Mag-
got.]

*In the Fable of the Phænix, 'tis reported, that
after the old one is burnt, a Worm first comes out
of its Ashes, and so—and so—and so.*

To the Laud and Praise of a Shock Bitch.

° **L** Et lofty Greek and Latin go,
And Priscian crackt from top to Toe,
Since he at Schobl full often so

Misus'd us ;

From High and mighty Lines I fall,
At powerful Shock's imperious Call,
And now in downright Doggrel crawl

My Muse does.

The'

Tho' my froze *Hogs-head* e'ne is burst,
 I'll do what none before e're durst,
 And on her Praises make the first
 Adventure;

O for some *Album-Gracum* now!
 'Twould clear my musty pipes I trow;
 Then would I yelp as loud as thou,

Old Sientor!

Come hither *Shock*; I'll ne'r complain,
 Nor kick thee from my *Lap* again,
 Tho' other Lips thy Mouth so dain-
 -ty touches;

Give me one Buss, I'll prize thee more
 Than *tinfil'd* Lord does *brazen* Whore;
 Or then——or then——or then——or then—
 No-body.

Let *lowsie* Poets sit and chat
 Of *Money*, and they know *not what!*
 Of *Love*, and *Honour*, and all that
 So silly!

Let *Play-house-Herò's* live or dy,
 Or spew, or stink, or swear, or lye,
 To court the *Glance* of one bright Eye
 From *Philly!*

Let the entranced *loving Ass*
 A Picture wooe, and buss the Glafs,
 Covering his *Mistresses* surpas-
 -sing Beauty!

Then

Then steal from *Cowley*, or from *Don*,
 (Since none will miss 'em when they're gone)
 Two hundred thousand Stanza's on
 Her Shoo-ty!

All other Fairs avaunt, avaunt,
 For *Shock's* sweet praise my *Muse* must chaunt,
 And swear, (ah, wou'd she wou'd!) in Rant
 Extatic

'Tis *Shock* alone is my desire,
 She does my addled pate inspire,
 As much as any *Muse*, with Fire
 Poetic.

View every *Limb* in every part,
 From *Head* to *Tail*, from *Rump* to *Heart*,
 You'll find she not one *Pin* from Art
 Has gotten;

When Courtly *Dames* so gawdy, tho'
 They dress their mouths in *pinlico*,
 A *Dog* won't touch 'em, they are so
 Ripe-rotten.

Muse, what d'ye mean? what *Flesh* can stay,
 And dive in *Helicon* to day,
 Or swim in any Streams but *A-*
qua-vive?

Put up your Pipes, to dinner go,
 Whilest I dismiss the *Guests* below:
 You're welcome Gentlemen! and so,
 Good-buy-t'y'e!

NOTES.

^a [Let lofty Greek and Latine go.]

And here let me tell ye, is a fair occasion to give you to understand the Author has a smatch of Latin Verses too—for some were made before these English on the same Subject: But for fear of clapping in a false Concord or Position, or so, (the very thoughts whereof will be dreadful, as long as I can unbutton my Breeches) I thinke 'ne best as 'tis.

^b [Tho' my froze Hogs-head en'e is burst]

See the Academy de'l Cimento, and others, about the Nature of freezing, which rarifies and dilates, not condenses or lessens the Water. Thus a Vessel stopt close, with no vent, when frozen, if precisely full, will burst out the Hoop for Enlargement.

—'Twas in the middle of the great frost they were wrote.

^c [Then would I yelp as loud as thou,
Old Stentor!]

Stentor was a kind of a City Cryer in Homer, — A speaking Trumpet was but a Bagpipe to him, (for all by their Names they should be Cousins) he would lift up his voice just as loud as fifty men, not one more, nor one less.

^d [Two]

[Two hundred thousand Stanza's on
Her Shoe-ty.]

*Just so many in Quevedo's Buscon, the Po-
et makes on a Pin dropt from his Mistress's
Sleeve—I think sincerely a greater Maggot
than all mine put together.*

[And sweat, (ah wou'd she wou'd) in rant
Extatic.]

*Once more, lest you should forget it, 'twas ve-
ry cold weather when this was on the Anvile.*

AN ELEGY

*On the untimely and much lamented
Death of Poor Spot, as loving a
Bitch as ever went upon two Legs,
who departed this Life, An. 1684.*

O Spot! how dull a Dog am I,
That cannot for thy Murder cry,
Nor whimper?
Tho' thou' full oft on thankless me,
Now from the ground, now from my knee
Didst *simper*.
How e're, accept this grateful *Verse*,
To pin on thy untimely *Herse*
Provided.

Even so Renowned *Bar* of old,
A poor good-natur'd Hound condol'd,
As I did.

Tell me, O tell me, you that know,
How *Spot* the *higher Powers* so
Offended?

What was the pretty *Traytor's Crime*,
That her fair *Dayes* in *Beauty's prime*
Were ended?

She, ever vigilant and brisk,
Her nimble *Tail* around would whisk,
Like *Fan. S^r*.

With *Umph* she never went away,
But, by her *mumping* mean'd to say
Anan *S^r*.

She was not ugly, rank, nor old;
Tho' she ne'r lang, she was no *Scold*
Uncivil:

Sweet-Hearts she had, Him, Him, and Him,
O *Envy! Envy!* O thou *Limb*
O th' *Devil!*

With *Mouth* and *Tayl*, come when you will,
She *smil'd*, and would endeavour still
To please ye;

Altho' 'tis true, she was not *Fair*,
Her *Cheeks* ne'r *sin'd*, her *Muzzle* ne'r
Was greasie.

One fault alone in her we find;
Were she not pleas'd, she must be kind
To Neighbours;

Which

Which brought poor *Tray* to a sad pass,
When he, to please the Love-sick *Lass*,
O're-labours.

Well, gone she is, and who can help't?
Ah! gone she is before she *whelpt*;
Ah cruel!

Let none at too just *Sorrows* scoff,
Now *cross-grain'd* Fate has robb'd us of
Our *Jewel*!

But since poor *Spot* must go and buss
For our brisk *Lord*, old *Cerberus*^d
So musty;

Come Lads, let's bid her all adieu,
And own ne're dy'd a Bitch more true,
And trusty!

Go *Spot*, to the *Elysian* Plain,
Go *Spot*, and meet thy *Tray* again
Far kinder!

What tho' *Erynnis* on thee scowl,
And make her Snakes about thee howl?
Ne're mind her.

There *Spot*, be ever brisk and gay;
There thou, without the *Bans* forbid, thy *Tray*
May'st marry;

In Fields gilt o're with many a Flower,
In Walks as fine as those of our
King *Harry*.

NOTES.

^a (Even so renowned *Bat* of old,)

Bat Kempster of eternal memory, — who has in like manner — (as *Sternhold* says) immortaliz'd the memory of *Captain Narbourn's Dog*, which now must live as long as *Bat* in spite of *Envy*.

^b (A poor good-natur'd Hound condol'd.)

Good-natur'd, because, — because, — 'Tis but looking in the *Book*, and you'll know all better than I can tell you.

^c (Which brought poor *Tray* to a sad pass)

When he to please the Love-sick *Lass*,

O'relabours.)

Tray was one of *Madam Spot's* most obsequious and most humble Servants, but by being so complaisant and obliging, had almost kill'd himself. This is no *Tale*, but a sad *Truth*, — Ask all the Neighbours else.

^d (For our brisk *Lord*, old *Cerberus*.)

My *Lord* was *Tray's* Successor: Of him far more, and *Spot* too, in the (*Carmen Cynegeticon*.)

A Box made like an Egg, was between Jest and Earnest, between Stolen and Borrow'd; but at last, (see the Honesty!) after a Year's Possession, restor'd with this in the Belly on't.

AS an Egg is Full of Meat,
So, in sooth, am I of Sorrow,
That your Box so fine, so neat,
Without your leave should borrow.

Now I sigh, and now I groan,
O're and o're the Crime repented;
Moan and sob, and sob and Moan,
To my very Guts tormented.

How did I in Doggrel Rhymes,
Mind my fault, and wail and grieve it?
Should I tell you twenty times,
Ne're the sooner you'd believe it.

But since your Box has, *sie* upon't!
Brought me to so much Confusion;

To the lawful *Owner* on't
Thus I make a *Restitution*.

Down to *Dinner* now they call,
Gizzard now begins to grumble ;
Pray my *Service* unto all,
So I rest,

Your *Servant* *Humble*,
&c.

The Beggar and Poet.

Happy the *Man* who free from *Care* and
(*Strife*,
With *Dog* and *Bell* gropes thro' the *Road*
(*of Life* !

Beggar at large, without or *Fear*, or *Shame*,
He'll all the *World* his *Benefactors* name.

He, like the famous ancient *Scythian Race*,
Shifts not *himself* as often as his *place*.

Tir'd with the *pillage* of one fruitful *Plain*,
He and his *Cattle* soon decamp again :

He with a proud *Repulse* when warmly vex'd,
Throws you a hearty *Curse*, and tries the
(next

No long *Harangues* to squeeze the *stub-*
(*born Pence*,

No *Oratorical* *Impertinence*,
Nor grateful *murdering* both of *Truth*
(*and Sense*.)

He'll

He'll in two Lines compendiously impart
The *System* of his truly *Liberal Art*;

Pray Sir, the Gift: And when the

(Farthings stir,

I hope you'll never live to want it

(Sir!

When Beadle *Death* does him at last attend,
Let him go where he will, in this he's sure

(to mend:

Death kindly *Land and House* provides him,

(more

Besides the *Cage*, than e're he had before.

Thrice miserable they whom want and

(Fate

Eternal *Mumpers* made at Learning's Gate:

Their *Souls* indeed they *cram* with *nations high*,

But let poor *Colon* live by Sympathy:

To Honourable Beggars they give place,

Lean younger *Brothers* of the *lowly* Race.

NOTES.

(The Beggar, and Poet.)

I confess I can't very well get clear of a *Tautology* in this place: But for the defence of my Title; tho' many will tell me 'tis some kin to *Idem per Idem*, and that Beggar and Poet. 're the stark-self-same-specific-numerical thing: Yet let 'em consider 'em as I do, (sub *diversos* for-

males conceptus) as the Learned have it;
and then all's well agen.

^b (He, like the famous ancient Scythian race,
Shifts not himself as often as his Place.)

The manner of living practised by the old Nomades, and the Tartars, their now Successors, is much alike, if not the same: In olden times they used to remove Bag and Baggage from Post to Pillar, as often as the Pasture was eaten by their Retinue. Some of the Fathers that have travelled into Tartary of late Years to make one Profelite, give just the same description of their Manners.--See Hackluit's Voyages.

Plures aluit Aristoteles quam Alexander.

^a **T**He Great Grecian Robber of his House-
(hold was careless,
Compar'd to his bountiful Tutor old Arles,
Whose Barns, 'tis no wonder, grow fatter
(and fatter
Than his, since their Diet was Meat for his
(Master.

An hungry starv'd Army o're Desarts and
(Stones,
This lead till he fought 'em to nothing but
(Bones.

But far *more* are the Slaves whom his Tutor
(does fetter ;
And you'll see by and by how he feeds 'em
(far better.

Like *Tantalus*, One his poor Souldiers did
(mock;
And fed 'em with nothing but a Bit and a
(Knock :

Sure they leapt at a *Crust*, since to frighten
(poor Strangers,
'He built up their *Cupboards* as high as their
(Mangers.

Tho' 'tis true, they as well as their *Captain*
(did fare ;
He forsooth was a *God*, and could live upon
(Air !

When his *Army's* all mortal, and poor hun-
(gry Sinners,
Must eat up their Foes if they'll get any Din-
(ners.

A hunting lean Glory thro' the World he
(does roam,
While the subtle *Philosopher* batters at home ;
'Nor had all his *Souldiers*, tho' they scap'd

(from the *Faggot*,
One.

One Mouthful of Flesh to oblige a poor Mag-
(got.

But Learning, tho' Envy unjustly does charge
(her,

Crams all her *coopt* Household, tho' a thousand
(times larger :

He could not afford all his Army one *Sutler*;
She makes the fat *Stagyrite* both her Cook,
(and her Butler.

See what a large Drove, which his Power
(confesses,

Humbly gaze at his Hatch for *Commons* and
Messes !

He kindly provides *gandy-dayes* all the year,
And this is a Bill of their prodigal Chear:

* A *Scholar's* light *Egg* pickt as clean as a bone,

* Or a worse than a *Scholar's*, a *Logical* one :
Chymical Pullets, digested too soon,

* Dress'd at his own *Fire* by the *Man in the*
(*Moon*.

Such Dishes as these, 'tis confess'd, are de-
sign'd

For Stomachs *abstracted*, and Palates *refin'd*.
For your poor *duller* Mortal other *Provenders*

(found,
And *Cognac*, if he's able, will please 'em all
(round

Broach

Broath which for meer *Element* one may mis-
 (take,
 'Tis smaller than *Tiff*, and as lean as a *Rake*;
 So pure, and so clear, that 'twould *Christal*
 (disgrace,
 If you heave't to your Nose, you may see all
 (your Face.

When at last the whole *Hogs-head* of *Porridge*
 (is o're,
 And *Colon* still swears and grumbles for more,
 Sometimes you've a Commons, and some-
 (times you've none,
 The fat greasie *Flap*, or the *Prentice's bone*.

When they've serv'd out their time, and at
 (last are got free,
 Their *Table* advances, as does their Degree:
 There's Pudding, and Pudding, and Pudding,
 (and then
 'Like *Aesop's Tongues*, Pudding, and Pud-
 (ding agen.

Let no man then envy the Schollar's renown,
 Since fewer are fed by the Sword, than the
 (Gown;
 Since the more they're the merrier, as ever
 (they were,
 (Tho' the less there be of 'em, the better
 (they fare.

NOTES.

Plures aluit *Aristoteles* quam *Alexander*. In plain, sober, earnest English, [Aristotle feeds more than Alexander.] Which is to be prov'd.

^a (The great Grecian Robber, &c.)

So call'd from the Story of the Pyrate, who being taken by Alexander's Captains, and brought and accused before him, answered undauntedly, that Alexander was the greater Thief of the two, who robb'd with whole Armies, when he himself only with two little Ships.

^b (An hunger starv'd Army o're Desarts and This lead, &c.) (Stones,

See Quintus Curtius's History. He lead 'em over vast Desarts to the Conquest of the Indys.

^c [He built up their Cupboards as high as their Mangers.]

When Alexander had conquer'd the Indys, at his departure he built Mangers for his Horses as high as a man could reach, and other things proportionable, to amuse posterity, and make 'em conceive a nobler Image of him and his Army: tho', as one says wittily, if his horses had eat no Oates but out of those Mangers, they would not

not have been very fit for Service ; for such feeding would soon have starv'd even Bucephalus himself.

^a [Nor had all his Souldiers, tho' they
(scap'd from the Faggot,]

The Funeral-pile ; it being the Custom of the Ancients to burn, not bury their Dead.

^c [A Schollar's light Egg pickt as clean as
(a bone,

^f Or a worse than a Schollar's, a Logical one.]

— Either the Egg made with the Scrapings of the Egg-shell, Bread and Butter, &c. or that appointed to the Schollar, who proving two Eggs were three ; ——— One and one's two, and one and two's three, ——— had only the third allotted him for his share.

^g [Drest at his own Fire by the Man in the
(Moon.]

Aristotle's own Fire, (which since he found, he is like to keep) dreamt of in Concavo Lunæ.

^h [Like Æsop's Tongues, Pudding and Pudding again.]

Æsop feasted his Master with nothing but Tongues, when order'd to buy the best and the worst of Meats.

(a) *A King turn'd Thresher.*

Farewell ye gay Bubble; Fame, Glory,
(Renown!

(Renown!

Farewell you bright *Thorns* that are pinn'd

(to a Crown,

Your little Enchantments no more shall pre-

(vail ;

Look, look where my *Sceptre* is turn'd to a

(Flail!

O who can the Bliss of a Monarch discern,

Whose Subjects are *Mice*, and whose Palace

(a *Barn* ?

In spite of curs'd Fortune he *Kings* it be-

(low,

While he looks all around him, and sees not.

(a Foe.

The groans of the *murder'd* in Death and

(Despina)

Ne'r reach his calm *Kingdom*, but dye in the

(Air:

Fierce *Batt'les* roar on ; but too weak is the

(voice.

For he *threshes* and *threshes*, and drowns all

(the Noise.

The

The Soul of *Domitian* sunk into a Clod,
Dyonisius his Scepter was as *light* as his Rod;
 And the *Little-Great-Charles* with his Sho-
 (vel and Spade,
 Dag a hole, and lay down in the Grave he
 (had made.

But a thousand times brighter my Stars do
 (appear,

And I ne'r was a *Monarch* in earnest till here:
 On a heap of fresh Straw I can laugh and lye
 (down,

And pity the man that's condemn'd to a *Crown*.

No Armyes of *Frogs* here croak by my *Throne*,
 I can rise, I can walk, I can eat all alone:

Reliev'd from the Siege of importunate men,
 I enjoy my Original Freedom agen.

Scarce peeps out the Sun with a blushing
 (young Ray,

E're my brisk feather'd Bell-man will tell
 (me 'tis day;

Proud with his *Scrallio* behind and before,
 He cheerly triumphing, struts along by the
 (Door,

Here's an honest brown *George* which my
 (Scrip does adorn,

Here's a true *Houshold Loaf* of the hiew o' my
 (Corn;

Here's

Here's a good *Rammel-Cheese*, but a little
(decay'd,

As fat as the *Cream* out of which it was made.

When Death shall cross Proverbs, and
(strike at my Heart,

When the best of my *Flails* is no fence for
(his Dart;

I'll open my Arms, not a Groan, not a Sigh,
Drop't soft on the *Straw*, with a smile I will

(dye.

NOTES.

(4) *A King turning Thresher.*

I think I may venture to pronounce this purely a Maggot, and so others that know no better may be apt to think too; but I can assure 'em the Foundation of the Story is as infallibly true, as any in---Lucian's true History.

[The Soul of Domitian sunk into a Clod.]

When his Envy could not be sated on the Christians, he left the Empire in Discontent, and retir'd to the Salonian Gardens,---as Cowley.

[Dionysius his Scepter was as light as his Rod.]

That Tyrant driven from his Kingdom, travelled into Greece, and set up School-Master; Where

little where his Cares are here affirm'd as heavy as
ay'd, when a King.

made. [And the Little-Great-Charles with his Sho-
and (vel and Spade,
heart, Dug a hole, and lay down in the Grave he
for (had made.)

part; Charles the fifth Emperour of Germany, who
igh, after as great a Ruffle in the World as has been
will made this several Centuries; after War, not on-
lye. ly against most of Europe, but Argiers, in Afri-
ca too; at last on some discontent, or the un-
pleasing face of his business, resigned the Empire,
and retired to a little House and Garden, which
he cultivated with his own hand, and there liv'd
and dy'd.

[E're my brisk feather'd Bell-man will tell
(me 'tis day.]

ely Meaning Chaunticleer,---as Gransire Chau-
ay cer has it; or in new English, no better nor
he worse than a Cock,---that Baron Tell-Clock
as of the Night,---as Cleveland christens him.

[When Death shall cross Proverbs, and
(strike at my Heart,
] When the best of my Flails is no fence for
(his Dart.]

The common old Proverb here meant, is, that
—There's no Fence against a Flail.

Op

On a Discourteous Damsel that call'd
the Right Worshipful Author—(an't
please ye!) Sawcy Puppy.

A PANEGYRIC.

Ugly! ill-natur'd! impudent, and proud!
Sluttish! nonsensical! and idly loud!
Thy Name's a ranker Scandal to my Pen,
Than all thy words could be *spew'd* up agen.
Yet will I do thy *Ugliness* the grace,
To touch thee, tho' I'm forc'd to turn my
(face;
Touch thee as Surgeon touches rotten sores,
Touch thee as Nurses T--, or Beadles Whores.
Belch of a Toad whom Hell to Mortals
(sends,
"Vampt up from Bottle Ale and Candies-ends.
Hadst thou no Dick with whom thou mightst
(be free,
Thou to let fly thy *Whetstone-jeers* on me?
What Skip-kennel without his eyes offence,
Taught thee all this *Dog-and-bitch* Eloquence?
Thou for Doll Troop, hadst ended *Ragoo's*
(strife,
He'd *huvng'd*, and never ventur'd such a *Wife*.
That

That thick deformity which daubs thy *Snout*
 Would make a Hell-soul'd Ravisher devout.
 An *Incubus* from such a Face would flee ;
 'Twould baulk a *Satyr* more deform'd than
 (thee.
 E'ne get a *Mask*, or with thy Visage daunted,
 The *Londoners* will swear their Streets are
 (haunted :
 Below the Plague, below the Pox and Itch,
 Take your own Farewell, *You're a saw*
 (cy Bitch.

NOTES.

* [Vampt up from *Bottle-Ale* and *Candles*
 (Ends.]

Not much more honour'd than the Rehear-
sal's Parthenope.—

—*Whose Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town-*
Walls.

^b [Thou for *Doil-Troop* hadst ended *Ragoo's*
 (strife,

He'd hang'd, and never ventur'd such a *Wife.*]

Monsieur Ragoo, an Officer in a Troop of
Horse, having taken occasion to step aside a plun-
dering, was to be hang'd a little : But however
the

the chance turn'd, he had choice given him, either to take a virtuous Lady call'd Doll Troop, to be his Wedded Wife, or else to snickle up: after deep consideration upon the case, and weighing the Circumstances, &c. he resolv'd to cast Lots; the Lay was so even, to decide what himself could not do, and so got the worse end of the staff, without Redemption to be all-to-be-marry'd.

On a C H E E S E.

Pinguis & ingrata permeretur Caseus
(Urbi. *Virg.*)

A Pastoral.

Amoret and Strephon lay
On a Couch of downy Hay,
In the twilight of Day:
Blest that one the other sees,
Blest with a spicy western Breeze,
Blest with a noble Rammel Cheese.
Each at t'other darts their Eye;
Each at the glittering Treasure by.
A light that Strephon's passion moves;
Scarce Amoret he better loves:
To Amoretta's Heart so near,
Strephon's self was scarce more dear:

Scarce

Scarce the Pride o'th' blooming Vale,
Woven around her *May-day Pail*;
Nor could either prove ungrate
For such a Gift to smiling Fate:
Oft with *Vows* and *Flowers* they ran
To smiling Fate, and smiling *Pan*;
Thus they pray, and thus they sing,
While all the answering *Valleys* ring.

Strephon.

Sprinkle all the dappled *Mead*!
Round the *Turfy Altars* lead!
Every *Nymph* and *Fawn* invite
To laugh and revel here at Night!
Jolly Toasts shall never fail,
Quite drunk with nappy nut-brown Ale:
Here's a *Cheese* would make a Feast
Where a *King* might be a Guest.

Amoretta.

Stay my *Strephon*! 'tis in vain;
Too low and humble is your strain:
You the Gift must higher raise,
Or you'll *Satyr* while you praise.
Let stiff Princes dream alone
On their steep unenvy'd Throne!
Our brighter *Cheese* out-shines their Crown,
And weighs the gilded Bauble down:
We'll a nobler *Note* begin;
Call and rouse the God within!

Sing

Sing the *Cheese*, and by his Aid,
Whence it came, and how 'twas made.

Strephon.

Each Flower that e're in Garland grew,
Amoretta! move for you,
And every Herb that slips the Dew;
Each their distant Influence joyn
To an Invention so Divine:
The *Daisy's* pretty twinkling Eye,
The Infant *Violet* blooming by;
Primrose of refreshing smell,
And the *Coriander's* spotted Bell.
Fragrant *Tyme*, and new-born *Grass*,
Where no rude Feet did ever pass;
All their Essences combine
To an Invention so Divine:
Each of these transfus'd, agrees
First in *Milk*, and then in *Cheese*;
In the Cow's *Alembyc* wrought,
Whence, when to perfection brought,
Amoretta's whiter hand
Springs of *Nectar* can command;
^b *Cataracts* which oft prevail
To overflow the largest *Pail*:
And when the laughing Virgins come
With their new-found Treasure home,
Amoretta shall declare
How the Miracle they rear.

Amoretti.

Soft as *Wooll*, and white as Lambs
Lickt by their *Officious Dams* ;
White as those fair *Lillies* grow
In our *Copps*,—as white as *Snow*,
Next the *Creamy Curds* arise,
And with calm *Glories* greet the *Eyes* :
He that sees 'em dawning, sees
The Image of an *Embryo Cheese*.
'So from *Clay Promethens* can
Mould the mighty Form of *Man* :
So the rising *Vision* shows,
As when the *World* from *Chaos* rose.
Then 'tis bruise'd, and prest till all
The pale *Tears* around it fall.
Thus when *Jove* intends to mould
A *Hero* out of purer *Gold*,
Hee'll shut him up in pain and *Care*,
And like *Alcides*, pinch him there ;
'Till he by kind *Afflictions* trod,
Emerges, more than *Half-a-God*.

Strephon.

Thence in happy *Triumph* born,
Like groaning *Loads* of *Welcome Corn*,
On a cleanly shelf 'tis plac'd,
With so rich a *Burden* grac'd ;
Or, lest the *Foes* its *Walls* attacque,
On a well-munited *Rack*.

Like *Atlante's* Palace fair,
 Towing high in yielding Air,
 By *Ariosto* built aloft,
 All the Walls of costly **Thought**,
 Or that sturdy *Indian* Rock
 Which *Ammon's* Son so long did mock;
 There it reigns, and therē defies
 Feeble Hosts of *Rats* and *Mice*:
 Up they squint, but all in vain,
 Up they leap with fruitless pain,
 Down they drop, a-down again. }
Reynard so with longing Eyne
 Views the Cluster'd loaden *Vine*;
 So when the *Wolf* a Fold has found,
 Fenc't with Quick-set--Turn-pikes round,
 About he stalks, and grins, and scowls,
 About he stalks, and vainly howls.

Amoretti.

So the *Titans* hissing fell,
 When of old they dar'd rebell:
Olympus they on *Ossa* pack,
 Both on *Pelions* craggy back;
 And, against the *Thunder* hurl'd
 Half his own dismantled World:
 On the calm Couch of golden peace,
 In undisturb'd eternal ease;
 He scorns their Plots, and laughs above;
 So sits my *Cheese*, and so sits *Jove*.

Strephon.

This dear day the happy birth
Of *Amoretta* blest't the Earth;
All the Lads of Mirth and Song,
O're the Plains shall Dance along:
And he that best can sing each Grace,
In my *Amoretta's* face,
Shall have the present *Jove* has given,
Shall have the *Ancile* dropt from Heaven.
This prais'd, this lov'd, this envy'd *Cheese*,
For a Reward shall all be *his*.

NOTES.

[Bless't with a noble *Rammel Cheese*.]

(*Rammel*) is a word, I think not much used about London, but common in the West, opposed to *Skim-Cheese*. Thus you find it pretty often in Mr. Creeches *Theocritus*.

[Springs of *Nectar* can command.]

Hony sois qui mal y pense.

[So from *Clay*, *Prometheus* can,
Mould the beauteous form of Man.]

Prometheus, being so likely used to build Castles, and Dirty-pyes in his Trough, when he came to Age, set up the Trade of a Man-founder, for which *Jove* was so angry (as well he might, when he took his work out of his hands, with-

out ever serving his time to the Trade) that, what do me he but trusses him up, rivets him on Mount Caucasus, and sent an unconscionable Vulture to tear out the Heart of him.

See more in Tobacco-pipe. Read the story in Lucians Dialogues, Book 1. p. 48.

^d [Like Atlante's Pallace fair.]

A gawdy Magical Pallace in Orlando Furioso, which cost Poet and Painter, and at least Engraver, a great many fine strokes to express it. The Louvre, or Escorial are but Hog-styes to't, as any body may be satisfi'd that will but take the pains to compare 'em.

^e [Or that sturdy Indian Rock,
Which Ammons Son so long did mock.]

A Fortrefs long besieg'd by Alexander, in Sagitiana, I think 'twas, but 'tis good to be sure, and therefore ask Quintius Cartius, who knows better than any of us!

^f [So the Titans hizzing fell.]

Qu. Pray Mr. Author why is your Shepherdess so learned here, and in other places? how comes she to talk against decorum in Pastorals, and to fly upon the high ropes at this rate?

Ans. Because all things were so designed to be alike extravagant — let this serve once for all, for I'll trouble my self no more about it!

^g [On the calm Couch of Golden peace.]

Any one may discern this is a stroke of Lucretius, alluding to that first Principle of the Epicureans,

reans, so well express'd by that Poet, and so much better made English by Mr. Creech — thus.

“For what so ere's divine must live in peace,
“In undisturb'd, and everlasting ease, &c..

I have forgot the rest, but you shall have it all as soon as I can get it my self.

“[Shall have the *Ancile* dropt from Heav'n.]

The Ancile was a certain very holy Relique among the Romans, being the very handy-work of Jupiter himself: but least this precious business should be stole from the Temple, while Gods and Men were asleep, two more were made so exactly like the right, and one another, that a Thief must have very good luck to be able to distinguish the original from the counterfeit. In the safe keeping it, they believ'd the Cityes safety consisted.

A Full and True Account of a Journey with its Appurtenances.

“**N**Ow Heav'ns jolly *Carmen* left weeping
(and whining,
Scrub'd up Sunday face, and fell fairly a
(shining;
The

The Cits are *alive*, and to——they run, (Sun.
As Flies from a Cow-turd will swarm in the
Spouse *Rampant* takes Arms, *Coucht* Cuckold

(she tells,
He must get her a place to go visit the Wells;
Not a Pothecaryes Wife that is leaving the

(Town,
But will pawn all her Glyster-pipes for a new
(Gown.

'Tis the Devil that drives, and needs Travel
(they must;

Along comes the Coachman with *Bring out*
(your Dust!

So sweet is his Load, and so neat, and so pure,
You'd swear he was under-commission'd i' th'
(Sewer.

Not a Fop of the *Pit*, or a Jilt o' the *Box*,
But dresses, and crawls to the Wells with
(a Pox;

So throughly the Waters have purg'd all the
(City,

'That they're strangely reform'd, and grown
(civil, and Witty.

Least the *Dumms* my poor Carcass to pieces
(should tare,

I'll ene like my *Betters* take Sanctuary there;
For melting, or getting, or spunging a Penny,
As poor, and as dull, and as sawcy as any.

But the walks were bepester'd with Cravat,
 (and Fan,
 And Beaver, and Wigg, and sometimes a
 (Man:
 For curing old *Aches*, and getting new *pains*;
 For *cooling* and *heating* the *blood* and the *reins*.
 Old *Sol* from *Aurora's Alcove* newly peeping,
 While more than three *Quarters* lay grunt-
 (ing and sleeping:
 When routed Cravat-string, and Ruffles I'd
 (rally'd,
 From *Dog-hole* of Lodging one Morning I
 (fally'd,
 I walkt, and I strutted along like the rest,
 And I *thought hard of nothing* as well as the
 (best;
 Till a *Bevey* of *Ladys* swum hastily by,
 All finer than *fippence*, they dazzi'd my Eye.
 I follow the *Track*, and the *Vision* pursue,
 Meditation farewel, now the *Game* is in view:
 Tho' I quickly got up they were enter'd be-
 (fore,
 And cruelly shut the unmerciful Door.
 Tho' my *Eyes* kept a Fast, yet my *Ears* I could
 (treat,
 And yours shall take part while the *Tale* I
 (repeat.

But *Madam*, sayes one, while they're chatting
(together,

If one may be so bold, pray *what Wind* blew
(you hither?

She replies, with a Sigh drawn up to her
(Chin,

'Tis a weaknes, Obstructions, and weaknes
(within.

My Husband's as likely a Man as you'll see,
A Man every *Inch* of him, take it from me!
Ay and I'll assure ye—— &c.

Nay! never despair, *Madam*, 'tis not too late:
Your changing of *pasture* may make you grow
(fat ;

I speak by experience, stay here but a Little,
And I warn't you return as *round as a Kettle*.

No doubt on't, says one, but if ever she will,
She must take a good dose of a Soverain Pill,
That cured me --- Hold there says the next,
(I deny't t'ye;

^d I was helpt by some *drops of Specimen vita*.

They stirr'd, and I fled for my Ears, and my
(Eyes,

Since a noble *Retreat* with a *Victory* vyes!

I retired in spight of my Foes and my Fears,
And bravely brought off both my *Eyes* and
(my *Ears*.

Now Reader, by a Figure which Poets may
(use,
Pray suppose it is Evening ! --- If you wont
(you may chuse.

As Lasses and Lads do advance in *Decorum*,
When Crowder at *Christmaß* hops squeak-
(ing before 'em ;
So Tag-Rag, and Bob-tail to dancing do
(throng,
And th' Flower of --- come flaming along.

Here a Hell-full of *Hogo's* comes driving just
(on us,
' Let's get the *wind side on'r*, or Mercy upon
(us ;
A Plague's on the Green, and it newly arose
From--- *Some-body's* --- powerful Armpits and
(Toes.

Have a care of the Lad with his *hair in his*
(*Hat*,
As you value his anger touch not his *Cravat* !
Pray keep your distance, with Reverence
(stand,
If you ruffle his Ruffles, his Cane is at hand.
Sirrah *Jack* ! rub my Shoes with the *Nap*-
(*kin*, with Care,
Your Master commands you, refuse if you
(dare :

Unmannerly Winds the sweet Curls to dis-

(place
Of so pretty, so lovely, so charming a Face!

But hang a good Face, that's a womanish toy,

Give me such a shape as this Lad does enjoy!

But speak not a word as you value your life,

Of his *Buttocks* and *Shoulders*, and the thing

(call'd his *Wife*!

If you love your own *Ribs*, stand further

(good Friends,

Room, Room for a Pudding ty'd up at both

(Ends!

Whose goodly large Belly struts crowding

(before him,

No less than a Lady behind does adore him.

Make much of him, Madam, and use him in

(haste,

Or quickly his Service alas will be past;

For if half an inch further his Paunch does

(but come,

You must e'ne be content with the *deaf* and

(the *dumb*.

Here creeping and cringing to a thing of a

(Fortune,

That weighs fifteen thousand, stands hope-

(ful young *What-d'ye-call-him*!

And e're he does live on the Land, 'tis but

(reason

If he take for Security *Liv'ry* and *Seisin*.

A Knighthood comes next with a finical face,
 And a couple of *Arms* which he moves with
 (that Grace,
 That he thinks his deserts will ha' cursed ill
 (hap,
 If some *Lady Fair* don't fall in his Lap.
 Now the sport is all over, all travel that
 (can
 To the place whence they came, with their
 (*Whore* and their *Man*;
 And I when my *Guinys* and Credit were spent
 Sneakt home in the Crowd, like a Fool as I
 (went.

NOTES.

* [Now Heaven's jolly *Carman* left weeping
 (and whining.)

*The Journey was at the beginning of Summer,
 after a great Rain.*

^b [But dresses, and crawls to the Wells with
 (a Pox.)

There's many a true Word/spoke in jest

* [They're strangely transform'd, and grown
 (civil, &c.)

Very good news, if it be n't too good to be true.

* [I was helpt by some drops of *Specimen vitæ*.]
*The Dispensatory wherein that Cordial is to be
 found.*

found, is, — 2^d part of the Souldiers Fortune.

[Let's get the *Wind-side* on't, or mercy up-
(on us!)]

In the *Plague* time, in London, people would
rack about one another to get to the *Wind-ward*,
lest that should bring the *Disease* on them by the
breath of any infectious.

[For if half-an-inch further his Paunch does
(but come.)]

Some persons have been reported of that vast
and irregular bigness, that they ha'n't been able
with one part of their Body to relieve t'other.

The Leather Bottle.

MR. Jove! tho' your Chittiface *Ganymed*
(skink,
I scorn to exchange or my *Plate*, or my drink;
For without fear or wit the Immortals will

(hector,
When out of thy *Bole* they are fuddled with
(Nectar.

Whatever your *Cronys* the Poets have spoke,
Your Godship, when here, were a notable
(Soak;
And

And when from your Gang you were spirited
(up,

' In the midst of the Stars you planted your
(Cup.

^b As a Lady of *Rome*, in a great deal of State,
Produc'd all her *brats* for her *Cupboard of Plate*;
So if for the sight of my *Treasures* you call,
Here's my dear *Leather-bottle*, my one and my
(all.

' Gigantic *Borrachio's* Sir *Quixot* did fright,
And maugre poor Squire, made an *Ass* of the
(Knight ;
Had my Bottle been there, 'twould ha' been
(more compliant,
For he ne'er could mistake such a Dwarf for
(a Gyant.

My Vessel tho' little, dim Envy may see,
Is as neat and as pretty as pretty may be ;

^d When the *Heidleburg* Tun is an ill-contriv'd
(Sloven,
Tho' its Vent-hole's as big as the mouth of an
(Oven.

How cool and how sweet is the Liquor that's
(here,

' It *dribbles down daintily*, lively and clear !
Not *Ice* can preserve it as well from the wea-
(ther,

Nor *Water*, nor *Sand*, as a *Bottle of Leather*.

^f Oracu-

Oraculous *Bottles* inspir'd of old
Each worm-eaten *Witch* that *Wonderments*

(told:
'This Engine curst *Sycorax* her self could
(subdue,
And this did a Viceroy out of *Trincalo* hew.

When the Sun does with Thirst the poor
(*Hay-maker* throttle,

And tann all their Faces till they look like
(the Bottle;

'Tis this sets 'em right, 'tis as speedy and
(handy

As old *Mother Midnight's* kind *Bottle* of Bran-
(dy.

Let others plod on, till they'r crazie and
(brain-sick,

For malleable Glasses, like the *Consuls* of
(*Dant* sick:

Let this fall where you will, all its thumps
(are in vain,

You may bulge it, and bulge it, and out with't
(again.

My Bottle besides is old *Dog* at Dispute,
And can *Suarez*, and *Scotus*, and *Occham* con-

(fute:
Nay, his own Couzin *Bellarmin* too must go

(down,
And if e're he get up, he will have him by'th'

(Crown.
When

When *Semele* in Lightning and Thunder did
 (fry,
Jove feather'd her *Bastard*, and sheath'd it
 (in's Thigh:
 But no doubt but he thriv'd in that *Climate*
 (far worse
 Than if in a *Bottle* he had put him to *Nurse*.
 Some Pigmy *Diogenes* here might retreat,
 And make it his spacious and worshipful seat;
 One Room of a Floor, for a *Cellar* he might
 (spare it;
 'Tis needless, as well as a *Chamber* or *Garret*.
 Like Maggot in Nutshel he might revel with
 (glee,
 And none be so happy, so happy as he:
 Nor need he to fear that he there should be
 (Foxed,
 Tho he drank up at once both the *Cellar*
 (and *Hogs-head*.

 NOTES.

^a [In the midst of the *Stars* you planted your
 (Cup.]

A Constellation call'd the Cup.

^b [As a Lady of *Rome*—
 Produc'd all her Brats for her *Plate*.]

*A famous Story.---When one Lady had shown
 the*

the other all her Jewels and fine things, she carries her home, and for her Jewels, shows her her Children.

^c [Gigantic Borrachio's Sir Quixot did fright.]

See the Notes on the Souldiers Duel.

^d [When the Heidleburg Tun, &c.]

The great Tun of Heidleburg, with a Ladder of many rounds to ascend it.

^e [It dribbles down daintily.]

I have taken care that should be set in other Characters, as a most considerable Flower borrowed from my good friend John Bunnyan.

^f [Oraculous Bottles inspir'd of old.]

The Spirit of Ob, Webster and his Followers say, was only a Bottle, &c.

^g [This Engine curst Sycorax her self could
(subdue,
And this did a Viceroy out of Trincalo hew.)

See the famous History of the Tempest, or the Enchanted Island, where this is explained.

^h For malleable Glasses, like the Consuls of
(Dantick.)

'Tis reported an ingenious Man had at Dantick, (or somewhere thereabouts, te'n't much odds) a Glass which after he had drunk, he would throw on the ground, bulge it, and hammer it out agen.

(a) One

(a) *Out of Lucian's true History,
Part the First.*

— AND now on a fair *star-light* Noon
Our Ship launch'd off, and gently left the
(*Moon.*

' So stoops the *Sun* to kiss his watry *Fair*,
And with bright Foot-steps paints the ambi-
(ent Air.

Boreas had lockt his *Bullys* in their Cave,
' And Birds of *calm* brood o're the marble
(wave.

But ah ! how treacherous are the smiles of
(Fate !

How slippery treads the blest and fortunate !
Twice the kind *Sun* had warm'd the chearful
Skys,

Nor does less bright the *third* black day arise.
All *dreadful bright* it rose, the Air was spread
Far, far around with ominous gloomy *Red*.
Sad hollow *Voices* by the Pilot past,

' And *one* pale Light glar'd o're the tremb-
(ling *Mast*.

When

When such dark Bodings call'd for Aid Di-

(vine,

' We vow'd a *Bull* on *Neptune's* oozy Shrine:
Tho' *Fate* was cross, yet he so far did hear,
We were no longer rackt with *doubtful* fear.
For see !

Whole Heards of *Whales* make the white

(Ocean roar,

New Seas they spout, and drive *new Seas* be-

(fore.

The Tide they brought had washt us far

(away,

But one *Leviathan's* *Charibdis* made us stay.

He, like some Tyrant-*Gudgeon*, floated by
Amidst the little *Minews* trembling Fry :

Like *Lacquys* by with finny feet they ran,

Lean Poets all the rest, he some fat *Alderman*.

And when the vast *Abyss* around him curl'd,

They seem'd but *Mountains*, he alone a *World*:

We took his *Latitude* when sailing in,

' Full fifteen hundred *Leagues* from *Fin* to

(*Fin*:

His dreadful *Jaws*, for our destruction bent,

Had *Teeth*, each larger than the *Monument*,

And sharp as Needles near in *Crooked-Lane*,

^h Set on some *Diamond Island* of the *Main* :

And now there's not so much as room for

(Pray'r,

The last sad refuge of the Mariner.

These

These, O my Wife, these, O my Children cry!
 Then all shake hands, and drink, and bid
 (Good-b'w'y' !
 Here, had we been with such *Provision* stor'd,
 ' We should have thrown some *Hogs-heads*
 (over-board :
 ' But here tho' we had robb'd the Moon and
 (Sun,
 An hundred *Delos's* had hardly done :
 The Monster gapes, unfinish'd shrieks begin ;
 We sink, we sink, his *Whirl-pool* rolls us in !
 Oceans are after Oceans on us hurl'd,
 We shoot the *Gulph*, and down we sail to
 (view the *under World*.

NOTES.

* Part of *Lucian's* true History.

'Tis paraphrastically done ; tho I dare undertake, the Original is followed (at least) as close by the Transverser, as Truth by the Author.

[—And now, on a fair star-light Noon.]

Lucian and the Ships Crew had taken a Voyage to the Land i' the Moon, (without the help either of Domingo's feathery, or others Christal or Brazen Chariot, or so much as the French Smith's Wings ;) and after many strange Adventures met with (you need not question) in so strange a place, is

now

now just bound for Earth and Sea agen.

* [So stoops the Sun to kiss his watry Fair.]

Apollo's pretty Hostess, whom he uses a-night to call in to;—But they are both very civil persons, and certainly mean no manner of harm in the World.—I forgot to tell you her Name is Thetis.

† [And Birds of calm brood o're the Marble
(wave.)

These are a kind of Creatures the Poets have had the happiness to discover, as Harpys, Chymara's, &c. when all the other less inquisitive, or less lucky part of the World know nothing of 'em. They are said to brood on the Sea at a set time in the year; and Neptune while they are hatching, is so complaisant to give 'em all fair weather. If any would see any more of 'em let 'em enquire at Lucian's true History, Second Part, and they shall know farther.

* [And one pale light glar'd o're the tremb-
(ling Mast.)

Two Lights appearing on the Ship in a storm, are counted good Omens, one single, bad.

† [We vow'd a Bull on Neptune's soozy Shrine.]

As common an Offering to Neptune of old, as now a wax Candle to my Lady of Loretto.

* [Full fifteen hundred Leagues from Fin to
(Fin.)

I quote my Author: I have it from Lucian himself; and we must say of him here, as he a lit-

le before of Aristophanes, [*that he speaks like a learned Man, and would not tell a lie for all the World.*]

[*Set on some Diamond Island of the Main.*]

One of those Phaery Islands the Whale might know, tho' we don't.

[*We should have thrown some Hogs-heads (over-board.)*]

As is the Custom for Mariners when a Whale is near.

[*But here, tho' we had robb'd the Moon (and Sun.)*]

Delos being their Free-land, settled in the Sea on purpose for the Birth-place of Apollo and Diana.

An Elegant Letter, with a Copy of fine Verses by a London Wit, in answer to a Lampoon.

Right Reverend Knawpost,

“YOur Prodigious Chaos of Nonsense
 “ (composed, and wright by the Spawn
 “ of a Moabite) I receiv'd, and am satisf-
 “ fy'd, that the Latitude of your Trouble ex-
 “ ceeds the Demensions of mine, or you need
 “ not

"not have given your self so much unneces-
 "sary labour to prove your self an inconsi-
 "derable Coxcomb. The perusal of your
 "Satyrical Rhetorical Lines made me ad-
 "mire to see so excellent a *parrable* [1] in
 "your Parts and Person; for as your Per-
 "son is *monstrous* without the Aid and As-
 "sistance of modeish Accouterments, (were
 "your Nose and *Chinn* an inch shorter) so
 "is there such a *Chimew* [2] in your Dis-
 "position, that without the assistance of
 "good Literature, the sense of your hero-
 "ick Lines had rendred your Ape-ship more
 "rediculous then an Ass. Thus admireing
 "the work of Nature, which hath created
 "your Face so much like a *Sunn-Dial*, that
 "were it equally *devided* into twelve parts,
 "and as truly seated toward the *South* point,
 "as your Affections are toward your Mi-
 "stress; the shade of your Nose would cer-
 "tainly, when the *Sunn* shines, *discover* the
 "true time of the Day.

So I rest,

Your Servant

So much for the Epistle; the Poem followeth,
 so much of it is so obnoxious to the side have left
 legible.

How

How doth the learned *Critic* stand,
Pensive and mad, with Pen in hand,
Fraighted with store of amorous Wares,
Which many an Author owns for theirs!

He is a Fool that thinks it good
To laugh at all that's made of *Wood*; [3]
And eke in time may lifted be
Unto the fatal wooden Tree.

In the Spark's Letter observe, 'tis spell'd in the same manner that 'tis printed: For the word mark'd with the figure [1] and wrote [parra-ble,] I suppose he would ha' said [parallel;] and figure [2.] for Chimæw,—he means either Chymæra, or nothing at all. In his Verses, fig. [3.]—That's made of Wood,] For this block of a Lover, Poet, Scrivener, &c. was by Occupation a Foyner, or some such wooden Trade, of which he had a touch in a former Lampoon. In answer to his Letter he had this following.

An Answer to the Foyner's smart Letter.

Why Lad!

“ **H**OW now Lad ! witty these cold mor-
 “ nings ! 'Tis well if this don't prog-
 “ nosticate some Plague ; for certainly a
 “ Comet is n't half so prodigious. But in-
 “ deed, Friend *Thomas*, it terrifies the Coc-
 “ cles of my Heart, lest thou should'st at
 “ this rate run out in a little time longer
 “ thy Right Reverend Master, and Right
 “ Worshipful Self with Charges to Scrive-
 “ ner and School-boy. I think thou'st claw'd
 “ it off Lad ! and the Mallet of thy Inven-
 “ tion joyned with the peaceable Chizzel of
 “ thy pestilent Wit, has for once obtunded
 “ the Cerebrocity of every sawcy Rogue of
 “ a Rival. In good sober sadness there's
 “ Nonsense enow to perswade one it came
 “ all, every bit and scrap, and *Chip* of it out
 “ o' thy n'own dear Noddle ; but that, as
 “ the black old Gentleman, thy Friend,
 “ would have it, who ow'd thee a spight
 “ for once in thy life courting virtuous Wo-
 “ men, 'tis writ and spelt at such a rate,

“none but such an incorrigible Blockhead
 “could ever blunder on.—But who can
 “help’t? We must e’ne take’t for better
 “for worse, seeing there’s no Remedy ; and
 “therefore,—Here’s t’ye agen ! alas poor
 “Thing ! Is your queasie Gut surfeited with
 “all the Tripe-women, Kitchin-stuff-wen-
 “ches, Hogs-feet—Butter-Whores and
 “Scullions in our Street, that you have all so
 “sudden such a muckle mind to what’s meat
 “for your Masters. ’Twould be worth the
 “while now to launch out into the due Ap-
 “plause of thy portly *paunch* and person, but
 “only thy sweet Face, my joy ! is so much
 “like a Slough, that I’m already founder’d
 “Horse and Man, and therefore lest I should
 “marr thy Marriage, thinking one can’t
 “pick and choose in the case, e’ne best re-
 “commend thee to an honest Cindar-wo-
 “man, or the Tankard-bearer’s hump-backt
 “Lady, with whom, as I am credibly in-
 “form’d, you used to have intimate famili-
 “arity and converse in the corner of the Cel-
 “lar.

So I rest,

Yours.

G

DIA.

DIALOGUES.

I. Dialogue,

*Between a Thatcher and a Gardener, for
Precedency, on occasion of a Pot of
Ale with this Inscription;*

Petrus Digniori.

Thatcher.

DOwn, down to the Clod out of which
(thou art made)
Nor with *Tinder-box-hoof* my *Ladder* invade
The *Pot* shall be mine in spite of thy *Spade*
Gardener.

And dares the poor Thatcher with the *Gardener*
(*denier vye*)

Sure his *Noddle's* grown giddy with sitting
(so high)

Let our *Titles* be try'd by the next that
comes to

Thatcher

Thatcher.

Content! (*Gardener*,) And content; and look
 (over the plain,
 Where *Cuddy* the Shepherd comes trotting
 (again:
 Who but he should decide which is best of
 (the twain?

Thatcher.

Tho' a Shepherd may be partial, he's honest
 (and true,
 He's old, and he's grave, and he Justice will
 (do,
 And *Cuddy* will be equal to me and to you.

Gardener.

But look, he's just here: pr'y thee tell him
 (the Tale;

Thatcher.

ay, *Cuddy*, and judge whether *Trade* must
 (prevail,
 Or the best of our two wins a *Pot* of good Ale.
Cuddy.

I stay while I can, but then quickly begin,
 Neither expect the Honour to win!
 For my *Landlord* in haste has sent for me in.
 Gardener.

For straining of Complements now would
 (be vain,
 The eldest and noblest of Trades I'll main-
 (tain;
 Gardener was *Adam*, but a Thatcher was *Cain*.

Thatcher.

Not so fast Mr. *Gard'ner*! with *Reeds* and

(with Boughs)

His *Father* before him had cover'd a House

^b Sure you dare not deny what *Dubartas*

(vow)

Gardener.

The *Hero's* from *Gardens* and *Solitudes* came

And fallying from thence fill'd the World

(with their Name)

But who ever heard of a *Thatcher* of Fame

Thatcher.

^c *Epicurus* indeed from a Garden did rise,

But *Atheism* never can a *Thatcher* surprize,

^d Since he alwayes is viewing the Sun and

(the Sky)

Gardener.

From the tops of their Houses *Egyptians*

(must own)

^e To the rest of the World *Idolary's* flown

And too many Gods are scarce better than

(none)

Thatcher.

If you're driven into *Egypt*, and fly from

(the Green)

Very far from your *Lodge*, one need not g

(see)

^f To find out the omnipotent *Onion* and *Lee*

Gardener

Gardener.

Their *Trophies* Kings, Captains and Empe-
 (rors bring,
 And all over-board for one *Shovel* they fling;
 But who ever heard of a *Thatcher* a King?

Thatcher.

The *Gallows* and *Garden* when all other means
 (fails!

Thus *Dennis* when scap'd from *Sicilian* Jaysls,
 Fell from cutting of throats to cutting of tails.

Gardener.

Each *Beggar* the name of the *Thatcher* can tell,
 For nothing you're fit but a *Cottage* and Cell;
 I with Princes and Lords by their *Palaces*

Thatcher.

(dwell.
 Thatch keeps out all *Care* as well as all *Cold*.
 Besides by my *Grandfire* I've often been told,
 That *Straw* has been Cov'ring for Churches
 (of old.

Gardener.

Scarce once in a *Moon* you mount from the
 (ground,
 And another Trade too, or you'll starve,
 (must be found,
 I ha' still pleasant work that holds all the
 (year round.

Thatcher.

No doubt on't; and Winter must never in-
 (fest
 Your fortunate *Regions* with Summer still blest,
 Nor

Maggots.

Nor fix you like a Cuckow clung up in his
(Nest)

Cuddy.

Brave Boys, both! so well you each other
(abuse)

There's hardly between you a halter to chuse

I judge that to make one another amends,

I drink off the Ale, you shake hands and be

(Friends)

NOTES.

* [A Gard'ner was *Adam*, but a Thatcher
(was *Cain*.)

Thus demonstrated.—*Cain* built a City before any Iron-work was invented; he could not therefore have Tiles to cover it:—Ergo, 'twas done with Thatch, or somewhat equivalent.

^b [Sure you dare not deny what *Dubartas*
(avows.)

Dubartas in his *Poem of the Creation*, describes *Adam's* rude draught of building in that manner.

^c [*Epicurus* indeed from a Gard'ner did rise.]

Epicurus his Study and Schools being in a Garden, was so notorious, that his Principles are thence call'd,—The Doctrine of [the Garden.]
^d [But

[But *Atheism* never can a Thatcher see
(prize)

Since he always is viewing the Sun and the
(Shy)

*This even the Epicureans confess a strong
Inducement to the belief of a supream Be-
ing, the Author of the World; and therefore
give their Followers a Caution against it. So
Lucretius, Book 5. p. 141.*

For even those few exalted Souls that know
The Gods must live at ease, not look below;
Free from all meddling Cares, from hate

(and love;
If they admire, if view the World above,
They wonder how those glorious Beings
(move.)

They are entrap'd, they bind their slavish
(Chain,

And sink to their religious Fears again.

Mr. Creeches Translation.

* [From the tops of their Houses *Egyptians*
(must own,

To the rest of the World Idolatry's flown.]

*If the Gardener puts a fallacy on the Thatch-
er, let him look to it himself; I only am to ex-
plain his meaning thus far, — That in *Ægypt*,
from the tops of their houses the *Ægyptians* fre-
quently used to view the Heavens, living in a
Champain Countrey. — Hence *Astronomy*, and
as some say, *Idolatry*.*

[To find out the omnipotent *Onion* and *Leek*

Part of the worshipful God-heads of Ægypt,
which, tho' of the two more tolerable than the Cro-
codile; yet, had Horace liv'd there, or ma-
ny others, they had certainly; as to that point of
the Compass, turn'd Atheists.

* [Thus Dennis, when scap't from Sicilian
(Jayls,]
Fell from cutting of throats to cutting of tails.]

When Dyonisius the Tyrant of Sicily was ex-
pell'd, he went to Corinth, and there for
School-master.

h [That Straw has been Cov'ring for Chur-
(ches of old.]

The Church of Glastenbury, the ancientest
certainly in England, if the Monks do'n't lie,
was built, the sides with Hurdles, and thatcht
with Straw.

The Second Dialogue,

Between the **Herring**, and **Whale**.

Whale.

I Am the bold *Whale*. (*Herring:*) – And the
(brisk *Herring* I.

Whale.

Thro' the *Ocean* I roll. (*Herring.*) O're the
(*Shallows* I fly.

Whale.

^b *Per fidem* be gone from my presence! How
The ridiculous *Mouse* with the *Mountain* com-
Herring.

Take my Honour, take my Life! to my Post
(I'll abide,

Now I find such Authority plain o' my side,
Tho' you swell, yet, unless the *Rebear* *sal* do's
(lie,

^c There's ten times more *Beauty* and *Shape* in
Whale.

Tho' with ease I could *breath* thee to nothing
(again,

Or spout thee a Mile, to thy Enemies, *Men*;

Like *Phabus* I'll stoop from my glittering
 (Throne,
 And even descend to dispute for my own;
 A couple we'll chuse, who the Unpires shall
 (be,
 The *Dolphin* is mine. (*Herring*) — The *Shrimp*
Whale. (my *Referee*.

When in the *Abyss* I no longer did sleep,
 But kind Mother Nature call'd me out of the
 (deep;
 What a *Gulph* did I leave i' the space whence I
 (came?
 What a *Cantlet* of *Chaos* was spent i' my frame!
 When Nature the *Whale* into *Being* did bring,
 She smil'd, and she cry'd — *He is made for a King*.
Herring.

Tho' a World of dull *Bullion* your essence do's
 (hold,
 Scarce an *Atom* of *Soul* was cast into the *Mould*,
 Room enough, and to spare lavish Nature al-
 (lows,
 But provides not a *Tenant* to suit with the
 (House:
 As for me, tho' she veils me with *Flesh*, and with
 (Skin,
 Yet my *Form*'s little else but pure *Spirit* within:
 And in vain you your *Bulk* for your Monarchy
 (bring,
 For if the *Ocean* were *Goth-land* who but I
 (should be King.
Whale.

Whale.

Not alone on my *Bulk* I intend to rely;
My Strength, and my Courage with my *Mag-*
(*nitude vye:*

My side is too thick for a Spear or a Dart;
Huge *Rafters* of Ribs *barricado* my Heart.

Even *Neptune* himself is afraid when I roar,
And his quiv'ring *Court* dive away to the Shore.
With a courage undaunted I'll a *Navy* assail,
And disorder whole *Squadrons* by a brush with
Herring. (my Tail.

Your strength and your Valour must needs be
(Divine,

When you're caught, like a Gudgeon with a
(Hook, and a Line:

When spite of Dame *Luna*, at Ebb 'twill be
(flood,

And you make a *Spring-tide* all around with
Whale. (your Blood,

The Laws of hard *Nature* forbid to withstand,
That Forreigner *Man*, the fierce *Tyrant* o'th'
(Land:

'Tis the *Sea* is my *Kingdom*, and the Waters
(must own,

At home I have ever been *Monarch* alone.

Herring.

Yes, as oft, as the *Sword-fish*, and *Thrasher*
(will please

To leave off their Sport, and allow you some
(ease:

On

On your *Noddle* and under your *Paunch* they
 While one *Reyns* you in, *tother* makes you
 Then *Neptune* indeed may shake when you
 Tho' you're *Nine-mile* at Sea, they can hear
 (are set,
 (Curvet;
 (roar,
 (you ashore.

Dolphin.

All to Arms! all to Arms! while we scolding sit
 Look! look where the *Enemyes* fleet do's ap-
 The *Fishermans* Navy with sail, and with
 That has often among us made Havock be-
 (here,
 (pear:
 (Oar,
 (fore.

Shrimp, Herring.

I boyl—and I broyl till my *Ferkin* do's crack.

Whale.

And I feel barded Irons like a *Grove* on my
 'Tis in vain with such Odds for the *Combat*
 All shift for your selves, and I'll lead you the
 (back:
 (to stay,
 (way.

NOTES.

NOTES.

[I am the bold *Whale*—and the brisk *Herring* (1.)]

First and formost, (and before I tell you by what *Art* I make these Gentlemen speak) 'tis the part of an *Honest* man to acknowledge, and repay what he has borrow'd. This *Line* is but little alter'd from that in *Rehearsal*.

"I am the bold *Thunder*--the brisk *Lightning* I.

In the next place--By what *Art* *Magick* can I perswade *Fishes* to speak, who are mute to a *Proverb*, and no more inclin'd to prating than *Fryer Bacon's Brazen-Head*? Why, first take notice that's a *Vulgar Error*, and a scandal on the free *Citizens of the Ocean*: they are silent indeed when dragg'd into our *Element*, nor should we much, I believe, be more inclin'd to *Oratory*, if *Head and Ears* covered in theirs. Again, 'tis plain they have a voice, prov'd from the *Whale*, who in his *Battle* with the *Sword-fish* and *Thrasher*, describ'd below, roars with such an audible voice, he may be heard three *Leagues* off. If all this bent enough, I'm sure they may as well pretend to speech as *Lucians Bed*, and *Lamp*; by which *Figure* I shall introduce *Chamberpot* and *Frying-pan*, two or three pages hence.

[Per

^b [Per fidem be gone from my presence!]

By this Verse you may learn, if you understand
Logick—first that the Whale understands Latin;
and secondly that he's Protector of the Ocean.

^c [There's ten times more Beauty, and shape in
(a Fly.)]

Vid. Rehearsal.

^a "I'd sooner have a Passion for a Whale,

"In whose vast bulk tho'store of Oyl do's lie,

"We find more Shape, more Beauty in a Fly.

^d [Like Phæbus I'll stoop from my glittering
(Throne.)]

Once upon a time Phæbus having nothing else
to do (perhaps when Jupiter gave him a Holi-
day) descended to some Wake or other, and un-
dertook the Fidler for a Wager; but being like to
be baffled, he had no remedy but to call his God-
ship in, and fright the Poor fellow so (whose name
I should have told ye was Marfyas) that he made
him leapt out of his Skin.

^e [When in the Abyfs I no longer did sleep.]

How should the Whale know that piece of Phi-
losophy? Why might not Aristotle teach him
when he leapt into the Water, as wisely as Empe-
docles into Fire? But 'tis contrary to his Hypo-
thesis, who denied a beginning of the World, and
consequently the Chaos, &c. Why, then Arion
when cap'ring on the Dolphins back, instructed
that Dolphin, that Dolphin his Son, and so
down to the Whale.--and there's the short and the
long on't.

^f [For

139
[For if the Ocean were Gothland, who but
(I should be King?]

'Twas the custom among the Goths to chuse a
little man for their Prince.

^b [Huge Rafter of Ribs barricade my Heart.]

If you wo'n't take the Whales word, 'tis but stepping
to Rumford Road, or the Physick-Garden
in Oxford, where a couple of Whales Ribbs are
to be seen, neither inferiour in bigness to a lusty
Rafter.

^b [When you're caught like a Gudgeon with
(a Hook, and a Line.]

One way of Whale-fishing is striking at him with
an Iron fasten'd to a long Rope, then letting the
Rope loose, the Whale beats up and down till it for
loss of blood yieldeth up the Ghost.

ⁱ [When spite of Dame Luna, at Ebb 'twill be
(Flood.]

By this compar'd with what went before, 'tis pro-
bable that tho' the Whale was for the Neotericks,
the Herring keeps close to the old Philosophy, and
according to that, holds the Moon to be the cause
of Tides.

^k [Yes as oft as the Sword-fish, and Thrasher
(shall please.]

The Story is thus. The Thrasher and Sword-
fish are two Fish, the Whales implacable Enemyes.
The Sword-fish having a sharp bone in his Head,
gets under his soft Belly, and makes him rise to
the Top of the Water; where the Thrasher with
his

his Wash-beetle Teyl, beats him down again, and
between them both they Thump him so unconscio-
nably, that he crys murder so loud you may hear
him three Leagues off.

The Third Dialogue,
Between Chamber-pot and Frying-
Pan.

Chamber-pot.

Stand off! nor with rude Smut disgrace
The Glories of my brighter face!

Frying-pan.

Tho not so glib my Face be seen,
Yet all I'm sure's as sweet within.

Chamber-pot.

You in the Kitchin drudge alone,
None handles you but greasie Joan!

Frying-pan.

I always lend, but you receive;
Which is most brave, to take, or give?

Chamber-pot.

Oft Maid and Mistriss fetch me out,
To wash their their Lilly-band and Snow.

Frying-pan.

You're civil sure, and use I hope
With Water to allow 'em Soap.

Chamber-

Chamber-pot.

Yes, such as ne're, at worst, indures
To scowre so foul a Mouth as yours.

Frying-pan.

O what a fragrant Hogo rose
But now, to twinge a swoounding Nose?

Chamber-pot.

Such as when you were made a Tool,
To Fry the *Break-fast* for the Fool.

Frying-pan.

All bulg'd and yellow you must fall
At last behind some ruin'd Wall;
Or melt, and to your Masters loss
Leave both at once your *stink* and *drofs*.

Chamber-pot.

Take then, since me you'll thus Incense,
These marks of my *Benevolence* :
Such *Water* as if Fame says true,
Diana on *Acteon* threw;
Which as some learned men surmize,
With flap of Fox put out his Eyes:
And least of *Rary show* he brag,
Bewitcht poor *Hunter* into Stag.

NOTES.

[The Glories of my *Brighter Face*.]

Hence take notice, to the Honour of the Poet,
'twas

'twas a Pewter Chamber-pot, and to the Honour
of the Maid, ~~twas~~ newly scoured.

^b [To Fry the Break-fast for the Fool.]

A known story of a Lords Cook and Fool.

^c [Bewitch't poor Hunter into Stag.]

Diana, on his viewing her Dimensions, and
the rest of her Virgins, as naked as ever they were
born, sprinkled him with some of her own Holy-
water, and turn'd him into a Stag.

Against a Kiss.

A PINDARIC.

I.

CHarming Destroyer! whither wilt thou roll,
The tumbling Soul?

When *Sylvia* smiles with all her Sexes Arts,
And *Angles* for loose wandring Hearts;
Sweet lovely Poyson from her Lips she breaths,

Soft subtle Darts,
And dear bewitching Deaths;

Smiling Plagues she throws,

Golden *Granado's* sowes,

And into Air the tortur'd Soul with Loves

(white-powder blows,

Presents with painted *Vipers* gay, and crown'd,

And scatters Heavenly Hells around.

2. A

2.

A Kiss! there's *Magick* in the Name,
What *Amulet* against its force can Arm;
The *willing* Letters of themselves forbidden
(sounds compose,

And leap into a charm,
And plunge the Hearer in blew *Waves* of Flame,
Such sulph'rous liquid flame as flows,
From *Aetna's* everlasting Womb:

Which oft e're now over proud Towns weak
(Walls arose,
And brought to *Cities*, and to men, both *Death*
(and *Tomb*;

Where Christal Lakes for long long Ages
(stood,

'Supplyd from the *Abyss* with an eternal flood,
For long unnumberd Ages past,
Scarce Ice more cold, or chaste;

There, over all the mouldring Banks red Sur-
(ges pour;

There do's hot *Vulcan* ravish all, and all de-
(vour,

And even *vittrifies* the Mud.

With much ado, to their great *Fund* some
(stragling drops retire,

Close at the Heels pursu'd by swift prepo-
(sit'rous *Waves* of Fire.

3.

A Lip's the Devils *Tinderbox*,
Whence by soft repeated stroaks

Lusts

Lusts *lurking* Lightning flies,
And blasts the unhappy Soul that pryes,
With rash unwary Eyes.

A downy *Pillow* where the firmest Heart is
(broke,
(Be't Heart of Flint, or Heart of Oak!)

With a lly never-smarting stroke:

A Kiss that *Traytor* in an *Angels* dress,
From bad *Good-offices* will never cease,
But ever seems to bring fair *Overtures* of Peace,
When its *Commission* speaks of nothing less.
At the *Mouths* tot'ring Gate it parlys Sin
Slides thro' a strong reserve,

To invested Lust, which else must quickly
(starve,
And gives *Intelligence* to every Enemy within.

⁴
'Tis Death, 'tis Poyson all!

Slow, sure *Italian* poyson, 'twill

To a Year, an Hour, a Minute kill;
Dead without Hope the infected Wretches
(fall;

One Kiss will raise

More Frenzies than a score *Tarantula's*.

The tickling Venom thro' each secret path will
(run

Till its mortal *Errand's* done,
The pungent *Atoms* search the Body o're,
Infect each drop of putred *Gone*,

And

And chase the quivring Soul thro' every wind-
(ing Pore:

And see the curst *Enchantress* smiling by,
Glares with a sharp unlucky eye,
Hind'ring the very wish of Remedy.

^a *Musick* the common countercharm,
Can only here increase the *Immedicable* Harm:
And raise ten thousand *Devils* more,
To all the unnumber'd *Legions* revel'd there
(before.

NOTES.

^a [Such sulph'rous liquid Flame as flows
From *Aetna's* everlasting Womb.]

^b [And brought to *Cities*, and to *Men*, both
(Death and Tomb.)]

At the Eruptions of that famous Sicilian Vol-
cano, the melted Minerals broke down all opposi-
tion, and ran for many Miles a continual stream
of Fire; when it came to any Houses, it burst all
down tho' never so strong, and buryed the very
Walls in heaps of Pumice Stones, and such kind
of matter.

^c [Supplyd from the *Abyss* with an eternal
(flood.)]

Among many other learned mens, is the im-
mortal Cowleys opinion, that under, or in the
middle

middle of the Earth, there is a Fund of Concreated water (as well as Fire) call'd — [The Fountains of the great deep.]

* [And even vitrifies the Mud.]

Vitrification is the last degree of Heat, in plain English turning into Glass.

* [To a Year, an Hour, a Minute kill.]

Some of the Italians are reported so skilful at the hellish Art of Poysoning (well reckon'd together, if not sometimes the same, with Witchcraft) that they'll kill ye a man to any precise time, as certainly as a Clock; and temper the potion so devilishly exquisite, it shall till such a time suspend its operation.

* [More Frenzies than a score Tarantula's.]

The Tarantula is a Spider found in Apulia in Italy, whose Poyson is so peculiar, that the Person bitten by it falls incessantly a Dancing, nor is to be cured but by —

* [Musick, the common Counter-charm.]

Which dissipates the Venom, and makes 'em, (I can't tell how) sweat it out again.

On a certain Nose.

Room for a Nose (think what you will,
 'Tis true) as High as — *High-gate Hill*:
 Turn't to a *Bridge*, 'twill ease the Feet,
 * And reach from thence to *Fryday-street* ;
 (If you'll set under for a stay
 The man in Chains at *Holloway*.)
Steeple crown'd Nose, who thinks it scorn
 To be by any *Spire* o're-born ;
 * (Fell *Dragon-nose* held up you know,
 Disdainfully a top of *Bow* ;
 A Nose which would not be content
 If meted by the *Monument* ;
 So scorns the *May-pole* in the *Strand*
 To measure with a *Fishing-Wand* :
 This with the Top of old *St. Poll*
 Had easily stood *Cheek by Joll*.
 (Tho' neither of their cloudy *Spires*
 Were proof against invading *Fires* :)
 Nor now is it afraid to show
 * For bigness with the *Cupulo* ;
 Bright *Gorgeons* Nose, which stoopeth not
 d To that of the *Rhinocerot*.

And

And, if some Mad-man were his Friend,
 Would yield as much by *Candles-end* :
 But, ah ! unless it self 'twould come,
 One Fleet could never lug it home ;
 Unless packt up in several Loads,
 ' Like the fat Stradling God at *Rhodes*.
 A Voice it has ; a Voice so swingeing,
 ' It drowns with ease Sir *Morelands* Engine,
 ' And may be heard to *Red'riff* Shore,
 In spite of bawling *Scull* or *Oar*.

Thence larger fall, and louder Streams
 Than those of roaring *Through-Bridge*-
 (*Thames*.

A *Boat* ; a *Boat* ! or I am drowned,
 I th' *Eddy* of its *Wave* confounded ;
 Land me ! that I may see my Dearest,
 Land me at *Queen-hithe* ! — sure that's the
 (nearest.

Where I'll to *Nose* compar't agen,
 In *Head* of *Neighbour Saracen* ;
 And sure the Painter could not erre,
 Who *Copy'd Face* and *all* from Her.

NOTES.

[And reach from thence to Fryday-Street.]

Why Fryday Street? 'Tis reason enow if it
fills up the Verse.

[Fell Dragon-Nose, which mounts you know,
Disdainfully at Top of Bow.]

Alluding to that Dragon which is the Vane of
Bow-Steeple.

[For bigness with the Cupulo.]

The four Towers, to be joyn'd together, like
that at Wool-church.

[Like the fat Stradling God at Rhodes.]

The Colossus at Rhodes was broken down and
carried away by degrees. 'Twas of that vast bulk
that Ships sail'd into the Haven between its Legs.

[It drowns with ease Sir Morelands Engine.]

The speaking Trumpet, invented by Sir Sam.
Moreland.

[And may be heard to Redriff Shore.]

One of these Trumpets had words pronounc'd
by it at Gresham Colledge, which were heard
distinctly and wrote down, a'tother side the water.

In Praise of Horns.

Assist ye gentle Powers that can,
 Assist some blind good natur'd Man,
 All the *Nines* aid I'd now refuse
 For one kind smile from *Jordans* Muse.
 'Tis done! 'tis done! and by her power,
 At Feet of Prince, or Emperour,
 Transform'd, with voice, and visage mild,
 I sit like any *Pageant Child*:
 First mannerly I bow'd my Head,
 Then perk't it up again, and se'd:
 First Wheat and Barley shall be sown,
 And sprout again on *London-stone*;
 First Cure for Corns! I'th' *Strillyard* range,
 And *Thro'-bridge*-boa! roar round the *Change*;
 And *Guild-hall* cross the *Thames* be born,
 E're I forget renowned *Horn*:
 When late with Ribbons all bedress'd,
 So gandy, at the *Cockney's* Feast,
 Each *little-Master* struts along,
 Shouted by the *Blew-apron'd*-Throng,
 Which of the pretty *Lads* confess't
 Amongst 'em all their *Fathers* Crest?

Tho' many a One his Glory owes
 Into the *Sweat* of Mothers *brams* ;
 Who by the Childrens looks could find
 She ever was to others kind ?
 The *Calf* is still without it born,
 Tho' Parent-*Bull* wears dreadful Horn ;)
 His Wardrobe, when set out in State
 Drops from his Fathers fertile *Pate* ;
 Which does whole *Cornucopia's* shed,
 To finifie him, round his Head.

What glorious Things ! what Trinkets
 (rare, }
 In Forrest Cart when joulted there,
 Are yearly bought at *Charlton* Fair.
 Horn-fair that better Tricks can shew !
 Than *Green-goose*, or than *Bartlamew*.

When *Mistress* drinks, and *John* does thank
 (her,

at the Kings-head, or the Blew-Anchor ;

How harmless does she smiling come,
 To bring best Husband *Fairings* home !

Fairings to make him fine and gay

gainst next *Training Holyday* ?

Which more than *Silver* Head-piece grace

is brazen brow, and Copper Face :

Natural *Half-pikes* which more adorn

than that upon the *Unicorn* ;

None such famous feats can do,

What *Miracles* are found in Two ?

Tho'

Two,—grafted in the place of frontlets,
 A Princely pair of large *Brow-antlets*;
 Which if the *Herauld* plays his part,
 And draws his *Hatchment* out with Art;
 Tho' Fields of Gules should overwhelm it,
 Must peep at Top of Argent Helmet:
 The Motto—*Decus & Tutamen*,
 And I'll for Rhyme, write under
 ——— *Amen*.

NOTE.

[And I'll for Rhyme, write under
 ——— *Amen*.]

*If this seems a little of the dullest, consider
 what Muse I'm thro' all this Copy inspired with.*

*Advice to Monsieur Ragoo, who
 had his choice either to be Hang'd
 or Married.*

TAKE Courage poor despairing Lover!
 Walk up! walk up, and e'ne turn over
 Who Mounts the *Bridal Bed* is madder
 By far, than him that Mounts the *Ladder*.

What

What Man in's Wits wo'n't rather chuse
 The *Hemp*, than the *Marriage Noose*?
 Or in so plain a Case would fault,
 And take the *Ring* to leave the *Halter*;
 Since you perhaps slight my Authority,
 ' Look back! look back on beauteous *Dorothy*!
 Who often without Wit or Fear,
 Bids a whole Troop—*Come on if they dare!*
Come on! she cries, nor should they scare me,
 Tho' *Xerxes* 'twere and all his Army. (lows?)
There's Doll: who knows what mischief fol-
 Here's nothing but a single *Gallows*.
 His prudence who would not admire,
 That leaps from *Frying-pan* to *Fire*?
 See if you dare, you quivering Booby,
 Those Lips of *Pearl*, that Snowt of *Ruby*:
 Within, (I would not do her wrong)
 There hangs a *Clapper*-alias-*Tongue*,
 It shakes the *Church*, and rives the *Steeple*,
 And when it Rings---beware good People!
 Then, tho' perhaps you'll at it wonder,
 Sowres all the *Neighbours Ale* like Thunder:
 As *Lyons* roar to *Mouses* squeaking;
 ' So *Christ-church Tom*, and *Tom of Pequinn*
 (Tho' we in this the *Jesuits* anger,)
 Are both but *Saints-bells* to her *Twanger*:
 To *Hell* she scorns to be beholding,
 She deafs the *Devils Dam* with scolding;
 Her face still *Lavers* when she washes,
 ' Her Face which sneaks behind *Proboscis*.

Bring the *Commissioners o'th' Sewer*,
 And ere you Kiss her let 'em view her :
 They'll fifty *Dung-carts* round her place,
 To clear the *kenel* of her Face ;
 But all in vain since all too late,
 The Dirt is now *concorporate* :
Inveterate Dirt of sev'n years *standing*,
 That scorns to wagge for their commanding
 And all her *Frame* you now may call
 Without a Figure — One *Mud-wall*.
 Which this great Rule to'th' Life expresses,
 'Tis *Uniform* — In *Uglinesses*.
 But O! — what *Sea-weed* may compare
 With her strong *Onion-Ropes* of Hair.
 Step back a little ! call the *Thatcher*,
 No *Peruke-maker* e're could match her :
 No Nets are they, no *Cupids* fetter,
 But *Halters* plain ; nor worse, nor better.
 If thus her *upper* features show,
 Thy *Mermaid* sure's meer Devil *below* ;
 If all this in her *Wast-coat*'s noted,
 O how is she *Be-petticoated* !
 Now of two Ills chuse you the least,
 (And which that is may soon be guest)
 Woo you the *Rope*, and not the *Beaury*,
 And bid the Hangman *do his Duty*.

NOTES.

[Look back! look back on Beauteous *Dorothy*! Doll-Troop, or Doll-Common, *Laundress*; (and somewhat into the *Bargain*) to a Troop of *Horse*: her *Mr. Ragoo*, when condemn'd for *Plundering*, was to marry, or be hang'd.

[So *Christ-church Tom*, and *Tom of Pequin*.] The *Jesuits* relate at *Pequin* in *China* is a *Bell* weighing twelve hundred thousand pound weight.

[Her Face that sneaks behind *Proboscis*.] The *Proboscis* is the *Trunk*, or *Nose* of an *Elephant*.

On a pretended *Schollar* that would have had some *Verses* he had stoln from another *Book* inserted into the *Maggots*.

H A! then 'tis Time! affronted *Muse* begin!
Rouse each ill-natur'd sleeping *Thought*
(within:
Purse

Purse thy dark Brow! thy trembling *Sinew*
(strain,

And swell the angry blood in ev'ry *Vein*! —

Has Fortune dragg'd thy *Vengeance* from her

(Throne,

Cruelty out thy wonted *String*, and call'd thee

(Drove?

No! here's a *Pen* do's manly spite revive,

Jogs me, and lets me know my *Soul's* alive;

And tells the wretch that urg'd a Poets frown,

He has rouz'd a *Lion* that will rend him down.

Was I so easie grown, so tame a *Tool*!

Had fate the power to *cramp* me into *Fool*?

That *this to me*? and was my *Stock* so low,

I must for scrapps of Wit a *Mumping* go?

What! Thief at second hand! doubly the

(world abuse,

And robb that *Spittle* of thy hungry *Muse*!

Since one good turn another do's require,

Industrious *Hackney* these shall be thy *Hire*:

This Load of Curses which would make thee

(crack,

Tho' vampt with *Porters*, or with *Camels* back.

What *Colledge* Sir? where took you your

(Degree?

Bridewell or *Bedlam*——University?

No doubt thou there wert bless't with *due ap-*

(plause,

For decent beating *Hemp*, and picking *Straws*;

In one of them (you see I don't collögue
 With Friends) *commencing Fool*, in to'ther
 (Rogue;
 But ah! at last the better party fail'd;
 The *Fool* went down, the *Rampant Rogue* pre-
 (vail'd.
 Long thou in *Bridewell* with fell fate didst wra-
 Like *Hudibras*, lock't in *enchanted Castle*; (stle,
 What *Devil* against the Gates a *Whirlwind*
 (hurl'd,

And let thee out agen to Plague the World?
 Of old ye out-ran the *Constable*, 'tis true,
 But sure my Verse can run as fast as you:
 What tho' unknown? I dare thy *shade* arraign,
 For *Poets* are not *Prophets* call'd in vain:
 Here take this *Passe'e*re we for ever part,
 Then run, and then *Farewell* with all my Heart.

The *Poets* pride, and *Beggery*, and *Lies*,
 The *Cits* kind *Wife*, and fear, and avarice:
 The *Lawyrs* yelling in their feign'd debate,
 And the fleec'd *Clients* wisdom all too late;
 The *keeping Cully's* Jealousie, and Care;
 The *slighted Lovers* Maggots, and Despair;
 A *Womans Body* every day to dress,
 A *fickle Soul*, little as theirs, or less. (stage,
 The *Courtiers* *Business*, th' *Impudence* o'th'
 And the *Defeated Politicians* rage; (Clack,
 A *Clock-work Spouse*, with loud etern
 A *Shop i'th' Change*, still damn'd to *What*,

Bring the *Commissioners o'th' Sewer*,
 And ere you Kiss her let 'em view her :
 They'll fifty *Dung-carts* round her place,
 To clear the *kennel* of her Face ;
 But all in vain since all too late,
 The Dirt is now *concorporate* :
Inveterate Dirt of sev'n years *standing*,
 That scorns to wagge for their commanding
 And all her *Frame* you now may call
 Without a Figure — One *Mud-wall*.
 Which this great Rule to'th' Life expresses,
 'Tis *Uniform* — In *Uglinesses*.
 But O! — what *Sea-weed* may compare
 With her strong *Onion-Ropes* of Hair.
 Step back a little ! call the *Thatcher*,
 No *Peruke-maker* e're could match her :
 No Nets are they, no *Cupids* fetter,
 But *Halters* plain ; nor worse, nor better.
 If thus her *upper* features show,
 Thy *Mermaid* sure's meer Devil below ;
 If all this in her *Wast-coat's* noted,
 O how is she *Be-pettricated* !
 Now of two Ills chuse you the least,
 (And which that is may soon be guest)
 Woo you the *Rope*, and not the *Beauty*,
 And bid the Hangman do his *Duty*.

NOTES.

[Look back! look back on Beauteous *Doroty!*
Doll-Troop, or Doll-Common, Laundress; (and somewhat into the Bargain) to a Troop of Horse: her Mr. Ragoo, when condemn'd for Plundering, was to marry, or be hang'd.

[So Christ-church Tom, and Tom of Pequin.]
The Jesuits relate at Pequin in China is a Bell weighing twelve hundred thousand pound weight.

[Her Face that sneaks behind Proboscis.]
The Proboscis is the Trunk, or Nose of an Elephant.

On a pretended Schollar that would have had some Verses he had stoln from another Book inserted into the Maggots.

HA! then 'tis Time! affronted *Muse* begin!
Rouse each ill-natur'd sleeping Thought
(within:
Purse

Purse thy dark Brow! thy trembling Sineu
(strain,

And swell the angry blood in ev'ry Vein!

Has Fortune dragg'd thy Vengeance from her

(Throne,

Cruisht out thy wonted Sting, and call'd thee

(Drone?

No! here's a Pen do's manly spite revive,
Jogs me, and lets me know my Soul's alive;

And tells the wretch that urg'd a Poets frown,

He has rouz'd a Lion that will rend him down.

Was I so easie grown, so tame a Tool!

Had fate the power to *cramp* me into Fool?

That *this to me*? and was my Stock so low,

I must for scrapps of Wit a *Mumping* go?

What! Thief at second hand! doubly the

(world abuse,

And robb that Spittle of thy hungry Muse!

Since one good turn another do's require,

Industrious Hackney these shall be thy Hire:

This Load of Curses which would make thee

(crack,

Tho' vampt with Porters, or with Camels back.

What Colledge Sir? where took you your

(Degree?

Bridewell or Bedlam——University?

No doubt thou there wert blest with *due ap-*

(plause,

For decent beating Hemp, and picking Straws;

In one of them (you see I dont collögue
 With Friends) *commencing* Fool, in to'ther
 (Rogue ;
 But ah ! at last the better party fail'd ;
 The *Fool* went down, the *Rampant Rogue* pre-
 (vail'd.
 Long thou in *Bridewell* with fell fate didst wra-
 Like *Hudibras*, lock't in *enchanted Castle* ; (stle,
 What *Devil* against the Gates a *Whirlwind*
 (hurl'd,
 And let thee out agen to Plague the World?
 Of old ye out-ran the *Constable*, 'tis true,
 But sure my Verse can run as fast as you :
 What tho' unknown? I dare thy *shade* arraign,
 For *Poets* are not *Prophets* call'd in vain :
 Here take this *Passe'e*re we for ever part,
 Then run, and then *Farewell* with all my Heart.
 The *Poets* pride, and *Beggery*, and *Lies*,
 The *Cits* kind *Wife*, and fear, and avarice :
 The *Lawyers* yelling in their feign'd debate,
 And the fleec'd *Clients* wisdom all too late ;
 The *keeping* Cully's Jealousie, and Care ;
 The slighted *Lovers* Maggots, and Despair ;
 A *Womans* *Body* every day to dress,
 A fickle *Soul*, little as theirs, or less. (stage,
 The *Courtiers* *Business*, th' *Impudence* 'o'th'
 And the Defeated *Politicians* rage ; (Clack
 A *Clock-work* *Spouse*, with loud etern
 A *Shop* i'th' *Change*, still damn'd to *What*

Worse than these *Last*, if any Curses more,
Ovid e're knew, or fiercer *Oldham's* store :
 Till not one part in Body, or Soul be free,
 May all their barbed Vengeance shower on
 (Thee;
 Press'd with their weight long mayst thou ra-
 (ving lye,
 Envyng an *Halter* but not dare to dye,
 And when condemn'd thou dost thy *Clergy*
 (plead,
 Some frightful *Fiend* deny thee power to *Read*.
 Madness, Despair, Confusion, Rage, and
 (Shame,
 Attend you to *the place from whence you came*;
 To *Tyburn* thee let Carrion Horses draw,
 In jolting *Cart* without so much as *Straw*.
 Jaded may they lie down i'th' road, and tir'd,
 And, (worse than one fair hanging) twice be
 (mir'd :
 Mayst thou be maul'd with *Pulchers* Sexton's
 (Sermon,
 Till thou roar out For Hemp sake drive on
 (*Carman* !
 Pelted, and curst i'th' road by every one,
 Ene to be *Hang'd* mayst thou the *Gauntlet* run !
 Not one good Woman who in *Conscience* can
 Cry out -- 'Tis pity Troth — a proper *Man* !
 Stupid and dull mayst thou rub off like *Hone*
 without an open, or a smother'd Groan.

May the *Knot* miss the place, and fitted be
To plague, and torture, not deliver thee!
Be half-a-day a dying thus, and then
Revive like *Savage* to be hang'd agen!
In pity now thou shalt no longer live,
For when thus satisf'd, I can forgive.

NOTES.

[*Ovid* e're knew, or fiercer *Oldhams* store.]
Ovids curses on Ibis, and Oldhams on the
Woman who ruin'd his Friend.
[Mayst thou be maul'd with *Pulchers* Sex-
(ton's Sermon.)]
The Sexton of St. Sepulchres Church, makes
a kind of a preachment to such as go by to be
hang'd.
[Revive like *Savage*.]
One that was hang'd twice.

A Pindaric Poem

On Three Skipps of a Louse.

I.

Queen of all harmonious Things!
Cap'ring Words, and frisking Strings,
What

What Hang'd *Hero* wilt thou sing?
 What lowly *Rogue* to equal Glories bring?
 Ah! what could man do more? I strove
 To reach my Strings of Thundring *Jove*;
 Of long-nail'd *Juno*, Scold Divine,
 Of *Cerberus* and *Proserpine*;
 But all in vain, for in a Trice
 My mighty *Hero's* dwindled down to Lice:
 Go *Charioteer*! the *Coach* prepare!
 (Or call a *Coach* if any's there!)
 My *Muse* forsooth must take the Air;
 And we intend to rove
 Beyond the narrow Bounds of Nature, and
 We'll take a race (of *Jove*.
 Where light-cloath'd *Nothings*, and thin
 (fantoms dwell,
 Beyond the narrow Bounds of time and
 (place,
 Beyond the out-streht Line of *Paradise*, of
 (Heaven, and Hell.

2.

Pindaric *Pegasus*! advance
 Now with the lofty *Barbary* proudly wa-
 And amble now (ving prance,
 Like a *Gallop*ing *Cavalier*
 But if thy Cross-grain'd *Ladies* will not
 (lend
 Their winged Saddle-nag to blige a friend,

If they lock up their Cellar all-divine,
And will not spare one spoon of *Aganippe*—
Tell 'em I'll get assistance nigher (Wine,
That soon shall mount me higher ;
In Bedstuffs-twinkling I'll be gone
To better Streams at *Islington*,
Inspir'd from *Sadlers Pump* I'll do, and

(dare
As much as any motly drunken Doctor there,
There boles of *Helicon* my Horse and I'll
(carouse,
And for the founderd *Fade* mount my cur-
(retting Lowse.

3.
So rides the great *Mogul* in State
When at proud *Agra's* trembling Gate,
Met by each humble, as a Potentate ;
With Flow'rs the Roads are pay'd, with
(Flow'rs the houses crown'd,
And brutish Mirth, and barb'rous joy runs
Whilst he uplifted high (all-along,
Like a New *Titan*, scales the Sky.

From that wild Mount of Flesh, whose
(Shoulders bear,
Better than *Aesops* Eagles, Castles in the air.

So a tall *Ant* in days of yore
A Bold adventurous *Plume* bore.
So, on my fair-neckt Louse securely set
Like great *Astolfo*, or little *Pacoler*,
With Spur and Switch I make my Steed

curvet.
Hold,

If

Hold, hold ! I'me gone ! I'me gone ! that
 (leap has lost us;
 So *Old-Nick* for'd away with Doctor *Fau-*
(stus.

4.

Beyond th' attraction of dull Earth we're
 (born,
 Near the purple chambers of the *Morn*;
 Now less, and less the lengthen'd *Species*
 Now, credit me, (grow ;
 We hardly see
Athas and *Tenariff*, and *Michaels Mount* below,
 In Glass or brazen Chariot scarce so soon,
 Nor with *Domingo's Ganza's* had we
 (reach'd the Moon.

There we discover
 Over and over
 What e're quick *Axant* or *Hevelius* saw ;
 Without their Glasses
 Her Lunatick Faces,
Aetna's, and Land, and Sea, we in a Map could
 (draw.

But my poor *Lowse* more of its kind
 Above could find,
 For all the *Lowlie Woodcocks* still were left
 (behind,
 And therefore calmly dives to *Earth* again;
 So Angels think themselves down thro' the
 (air *Main.*
 5. O'er

O'er Hedge and Ditch, a Scholars, or a Hunters
(pace

VVe run our *hare-brain'd* Race.

From Post to Pillar I'm like *Epicurus* hurl'd
By all the *Flaming Limits* of the VWorld.

VWhere e're we go

By Friend, or Foe,

We my Majestic *Lowfes* Subjects found ;

Armies of *Beggars* gay

In Endless *Sun-shine* play,

And *Lice*, as blithe as they

In jolly *Squadrons* dance around.

Thus did the Sprightly *Youth*, but those

(whom hoary age

Had form'd more wise and sage

Upon a Captive *Comb* plac'd round in

(State

Declaim among the unexperienc'd Fry

The Nitty *Auditory* listning by ;

And all their Great *Forefathers* Deeds in

(greater Verse relate.

6.

Then to my *Lowfes* Pallace we draw nigh,

(For sure by all this it may with ease be

(understood,

Mine was a *Lowfe* of princely blood)

Where he in tryumph still remains

Dragging *Pilgarlick* *Death* in Chains,

And even in *Church-yards* obtains the Victory.

When

When pale Death with *harpy* claws
 (And huge unconscionable Jaws)
 To the Sick the *Curtain* draws.
 And the *Nurses* softly tell
 Sad enquiring Friends—*He's well*,
 They to the *Church-yard* follow him, and
 (there
 With him they *bury* all their *Love*, and all
 (their *Care*.

My kind *Lowse* more kind and bold
Hectors Death, and keeps his Hold,
Keeps his Hold, or what's as fair,
 Comes agen, and finds him there.
 Drives Sir *Ranbones* from the Stone,
 Claims the *Marble* all his own ;
 'I his own *Substance* quickens mouldring
 (Men ,
 And makes 'em live, at least an *Animals* Life
 (agen.

Now *Heaven* and Earth survey'd a dreadful
 (leap we take
 Over the Sooty *Strygian* Lake ;

My *Lowse* my *Sybill* was, and all as well
 I know not how
 Without a half-penny, or a *Golden bough*,
 I like *Aeneas* travell'd Hell.

We lookt, and lookt again,
 And lookt, and lookt with Care,
 But lookt, and lookt in vain,

Nor

Nor could we find one House of *Purgatory*
 Those old *descriptions* fail (there:
 Whose realms are chang'd
 And in another Method rang'd ;
 We *Mountains* find where we expect a flow-
 (ry vale.

8.

Into the Gulph at last my *Palfray* plung'd,
 (t' explore
 Secrets to none but great *Quevedo* known
 (before.
 So brave *Empedocles* at *Aetna's* flaming Hole
 (The sight enough to melt a common Soul)
 Leapt smiling in, with this undaunted
 (Cry,

To be a God 'tis worth the while to die.

So when the hungry Earth gap't wide
 And let in hateful Light,

The trembling Ghost to fright
 In their own Realm of Night ;

Curtius all arm'd to the black breach did
 (ride ;

He saw, and smiled with an unbroken
 (mind

Where all the quaking *City* fled, and scarce
 (durst look behind :

In sprung the noble *Youth* with this undaunt-
 (ed Cry, :

So *Rome* but live, and flourish, — Thus let *Civ-*
 (thus fly.

Where

9.
Where am I now? Bugbears, and Sprights are
(there:

¹ Here *Kelly's Devils* buz round me,
Here Doctor *Dees* dumfound me;
Here's *Mephistophilus* with Tail, and Horns,
(and Hair,

^m And each foul Fiend in *Bartlomew* Fair;
Sights which a stouter man than me might
(scare,

But worse, far worse than *Devils* at the Gate,
Bands of *Quevedo's* hungry *Taylor's* wait;
From *Arropos* each stole a pair of Sheers,
And gladly now to ensure his Head I'd give
(my Louses Ears:

Horridly gay their *Teeth*, and *Nails* were
(painted ore
With flesh confus'd, and *Skin*, and *Brains*,
(and mingling *Gore*.

Hunger, as well as *Anger* weapons makes;
His *Body* in this, and this his pond'rous *yard*,
(and this his *Thimble* takes:

The *Cannibals* in dreadful order stood
To murder and devour even their own *Flesh*
(and *Blood*;

To murder and devour my *Louse*, so wise, so
(great, so good:

So conqu'ring *Indians* feed, and hope to find
In their brains enemies broil'd Corps the Ver-
(tues of his Mind.

10. Yet

Yet my undaunted *Loufe* can scorn 'em all,
 He rears his strong *Proboscis* high,
 And does the unmanly rage defie
 Of each unequal enemy,
 And like himself intends to fall.
 ° His *Martial* Soul peeps thro' his *Alablafter*
 (Skin,
 The bloody drop moves quick, and beats a
 (point of War within.
 Their tedious trembling Troops he do's to
 (Combat call,
 Waits for each mortal blow, contemnseach
 (fatal pass,
 ° And cries, Pound on! 'tis but the husk of *A-*
 (naxagoras.
 Whilst quaking *Hell* do's with concern the
 (event attend,
 Least the sharp *Conquerors* should too ray-
 (nous be,
 And in the *Carraze* swallow me,
 I durst not stay the fight -- but waked -- and
 (there's an end.

NOTES.

[From *Aganippe* I'll be gone
 To better springs at *Isling*.]
The New Waters discover'd there the last
Summer. [When

[When at proud *Agra's* trembling Gate,]
Agra is one of the Great Moguls Royal Cities;
he uses to ride on a white Elephant.

[So a tall *Ant* in days of yore,
 A poor adventurous *Pigmees* bore.]

Read the story, thus ingeniously describ'd in
Mr. Crasshaw. —

“ High mounted on an *Ant*, *Nanus* the Tall,

“ Was thrown alas! and got a deadly fall:

“ Under the unruly Beasts proud feet he lies,

“ All torn; with much ado before he dyes,

“ Yet strains these Words -- Base envy do!

(laugh on,

“ Thus did I fall, and thus fell *Phaeton*.

[Like great *Astolfo*, or little *Pacolet*.]

A couple of expeditious Gentlemen (as well
mounted as the Witch in Paudæmonium) *Astol-*

fo in Orlando Furioso on a Griffith; Pacolet

in the famous and renowned Chronicle of Valen-
tine and Orfon, on a Wooden Horse.

[In *Glass* nor *Brazen* chariot scarce so

(soon,

Of *Nor* with *Domingo's Ganza's* had we reacht

(the Moon.]

You see Reader, other folks have had their

*Maggot*s as well as your Humble Servant. Two

Bishops have wrote expressly of this new Plantation,

and the way to sayl thither. One by making a

Globe of *Glass*, or *Brass* lighter than the Atmos-

phere, which must therefore naturally ascend:

The

The other by a way perhaps as practicable as the former, by harnessing a certain number of Fowl, called by the Spaniards [Ganza's] on which he makes Signior Domingo boisted thither.

⁶ [What e're quick Azant, or Hevelius saw]
Two famous Astronomers, one in France, the other in Denmark.

⁷ [For all the lowfy Woodcocks still were
(left behind)]

Vid. Where you can find it, this account.
When any of the Woodcocks remain behind, the main body returning at Summer to the Land of the Moon, they are reported to be all lowfy.

⁸ [In his own Substance quickens mouldring
(men

A vulgar observation--that dead Bodies in time turn all to perfect Lumps of Lice.

⁹ Without a Sybill, or a Golden bough.]

Both which are necessary to one that intends a visit to the Infernal Regions—ask Virgil else.

¹⁰ [Here Kellys Devils buz round me,
Here Dr. Dee's dumfound me]

See Dr. Casauban's account of those Spirits with whom Dr. Dee and Kelly had contracted so intimate a Correspondence. Very good natur'd Devils it seems, for they perswaded the Conjurers to swap Wives, as a necessary Ceremony in their Magical operations.

¹¹ [Here's Mephistophilus with Tayl, and
(Horns and Hair.)

A Thundering Devil that, Dr: Faustus's familiar. See his Life.

" [Bands of Quevedo's hungry Taylors wait.]

Scarce any body but has read Quevedo's Visions of Hell, nor can any that have read 'em sure forget how over-stocked he makes the sooty regions with that kind of Cattle.

° [His martial Soul peeps thro' his Alabla-ster skin,

The Bloody drop---]

No Creature in the world so testy as a Lowse. In a Microscope, one drop of Blood is seen passing up and down very nimbly in the nature of a pulse.

° [And crys pound on! 'tis but the husk of (Anaxagoras.)]

I would entreat any that know that hard-named Gentleman's right Name to keep silence, for 'twould spoyle the Rhyme sadly if this should be blotted out, and that inserted.

F I N I S.

